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The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

All That Jazz

What a joy to read Gary Golden as "Charlie Parker" ("Club Eastwood Shines Up the Road," October). Agree up with the riffs, when everyone I knew was listening to rock music and none of the most popular soul artists. For as far back as I can remember, it's been only Bird, Monk, Bud Powell, and their successors for my ears. My friends scratched their heads, baffled by the complexity of a music they didn't understand but somehow realized was more subliminal than rock and certainly more honest, cerebral, and seductively demanding.

Dana F. Ploch,
San Jose, Calif.

When I was a teenager learning to play jazz (The twenty-first, I suppose) beat down all Parker, "Trane," Monk, Evans, and

Saxons, not leaving a Springsteen record until I was eighteen. I came to realize that jazz was an art form sensibly neglected and quite misunderstood by the listening public. I had all but dismissed the possibility that someone would come along and say, "Jazz, yeah. Let's take a closer look." Then it, and your October issue. Thank you for presenting jazz and its greatest associates with the focus, perspective, and respect they so richly deserve. You've earned a lifelong subscriber.

Frank Napolitano
Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.

Good Coverage

It is incredible that some magazines don't discuss John Kenney, Jr. as the second man in the world when the second man is obviously posing in museum wood-paneled rooms on page

135 of your September 1988 issue ("Jill Rodger: At Home on the Range"). This [Jill Rodger] Henkelin all the other men modeling in your magazine look like a bunch of underdeveloped twelve-year-olds.

Enya A. Skallenberg
Denver, Colo.

Wow, what an issue! Eliza Fudley's diary, Mike Ditka's personality, Wayne Radner's charisma, Nicholas Dandoli's capricious, Clint Eastwood's authenticity, Anne Irving's beauty, and the Eastman's sincerity. Thanks, Esquire, for making my October reading (and viewing) so riveting.

Patrick J. Loda
Pittsburg, Kans.

Doing Time

Bernard Fisher complains of his "tuff" season of sea years

("My Life Inside," September). He's lucky he didn't get the maximum twenty-five years that could have been imposed on him. And because of his "line-time" status and age, he was sent to a virtual country club of an institution instead of a full-blown penitentiary, where the inside is exactly the inside. Finally, that "tuff" word he complained about is—the nine percent—good, wholesome food, the likes of which many meals on the street don't get to eat. There would have to be better life inside Louisiana in a long jail, where in fact it is one of the best federal maximum-gang life here. I am a fifty-year-old person who has served maximum years for an infelicitous, the last five in solitary confinement. Tuff, poor, stupid, or genius, Fisher is still a dope peddler, and if he had any sense, he'd thank his God for his

get behind in these United States instead of some human animal halfway where they would have cut off his drug-dealing hands and fed them to him... before they blew his brains away.

Gaston Brock Trappell
Bismarck, Minn.

Having read Bernard Fisher's first-person prison-life article and William Stryker's following commentary, it seems to me that Fisher has better learned the lesson to which one is responsible for one's actions than Stryker has. While Fisher places no outside blame for his incarceration, Stryker sees me against a prison system he describes as a vast American ghetto inhabited by victims of social oppression and poverty. Doesn't Stryker realize that most inmates are in prison either as a result of making a foolish mistake that prevents my being educated to know better, as in Fisher's case, or from willfully taking part in the counter-revolution of drugs and violence, as

was the case with Fisher's fellow inmate?

Frank Goulie
San Jose, Calif.

More Bob Greene

Bob Greene makes a critical addition to a Michael Jackson review when he compares an image of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. (American Beat, July). Although hardly a subtle look at the world's major problems and at even more complex suggestions as to their solution, this review—"After the Mirror"—is not merely a promotional grandstand; it's a sell-a-product. The imagery of my generation grew up never having seen Dr. King live, never having heard him speak when the issues he addressed were most pressing. Misunderstanding the fact that Dr. King's image may be deeply ingrained within that sea of emotional visual manipulations, his face on that summer day will all ways recall his dream, not dream, our final goal.

Edward G. Gentles
Miami, Fla.

To the Max

Early does the description of a musical event transport you smoothly to the very doorstep of the actual experience itself. I am here Esquire for recognizing the quality of Jessica Hahnwell's "The Eagles Have Landed" (June). As for Bob, October, it made my afternoon!

Sorens A. Gonsagob
Schwartzburg, Ill.

Who's the Jessica Maxwell and where did you find her? What after the writer? That's good writing. Envy! Envy!

Bubba E. Pray III
Atlanta, Ga.

Take a Walk

As an offensive tackle for the Adams High School Leopards in Dallas, Texas, 1978, I especially enjoyed the article in your October issue, "Hey! Time-out Pro Football's Goron Show, Booring, and Strapped!" by Glen Wiggan. Delivered inside for the Adams High School team in Dallas in 1978. The two schools have been arch-rivals for several

decades. Wiggan and I probably bonded inside together in the late 1970s. However, I agree with every one of Wiggan's ten points for saving his face, but, and would like to add an eleventh: Get rid of the T-formation thing back-depleting, the double-wing, the Notre Dame box, and all those other gross defensive-olfensive formations. Varsity is needed!

Tad Wilko
Oakland, Calif.

I think eleven guys killing themselves on a field is not boxing. The concept of getting the ball past the line may be dull, but how they do it is not. What do you suggest, firing the players out of cannons?

Mark Bacon
Jackson, Miss.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 2720 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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Editorial Coordinator
John Winkler
 Assistant to the Editor in Chief
 Department of Chemistry, University of
 California, Santa Barbara, CA 93106, U.S.A.
 Tel: +1 805 893 3111; Fax: +1 805 893 3112
 E-mail: john.winkler@chem.ucsb.edu

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AND NOW, one week is behind us. We don't have to be sweating, stretching, and moving for another eight or nine months. What a relief. The clubhouse is dark. The night is young.



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Men At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

It's not the shower, nor the refrigerator, but the faucet that's the unsung hero of the kitchen. Practically every operation of cooking or dishwashing you do in the kitchen is dependent on the faucet. But these days the faucet is no longer simply an exit for water; it's a tool that's become a part of the kitchen's design.

The best faucets around are made by the finest of two civil German companies. Friedrich Goebel's company, Goebel America, has been in the States since 1931. Klean Goebel's company, Hansgrohe, only a little larger, is just now arriving on these shores. Both are descendants of the firm that Goebel & Goebel founded in 1891. But a long time, Klean Goebel spent a lot of money on research and development. Friedrich Goebel, on the other hand, was a pioneer in the field. Then, a few years ago, Friedrich pulled into the States, and Klean Goebel was surprised to find that the two companies had been working on the same problem for years.

They've come a long way from the days when kitchen faucets were just a simple metal spout that poured water. Today's faucets are a lot more sophisticated. They're made of stainless steel, and they're designed to look like the best of modern design. They're also designed to be easy to use. They're made of stainless steel, and they're designed to look like the best of modern design. They're also designed to be easy to use.

They're made of stainless steel, and they're designed to look like the best of modern design. They're also designed to be easy to use. They're made of stainless steel, and they're designed to look like the best of modern design. They're also designed to be easy to use.



LIVING QUARTERS

Just Add Water

BY PHIL PATTON

With more of these lever faucets, however, was their readiness to work. And certain little things could send a burst of water spraying everywhere. And the handle—designed with a lever-like pull you find on hospital beds—wasn't designed to look like the best of modern design. They're also designed to be easy to use.

Goebel America introduced faucets of elegant and simple design that also featured "pull-up" water heads—conveniently the spray gun you need to find on the side of the sink with the lever faucet.

The touch on the Allright and the faucet, which are only now being introduced in the United States—available through certain stores or from the Allright Supply.

Comparison on New York (June 1971) (June 1971) is a choice for me. The device is not a carefully engineered device in a BMW and is a fairly modest outside as something from a car. The spray gun has a choice of three different shapes, "water sprayer," "brush," or "spray." The line is also different, but a little less solid, and made of hard plastic, and made in red, brown, silver gray, or gold. The Allright and the spray gun were given shape by Friedrich Goebel and Hansgrohe. The line is also different, but a little less solid, and made of hard plastic, and made in red, brown, silver gray, or gold. The Allright and the spray gun were given shape by Friedrich Goebel and Hansgrohe.

The spray gun is a wide one degree and has an on and off the plastic handle of the spray gun. The spray gun is a wide one degree and has an on and off the plastic handle of the spray gun. The spray gun is a wide one degree and has an on and off the plastic handle of the spray gun.

There are beautiful and powerful, not to say sexual, devices. It may surprise you to think that the German line is as good as the American line. It may surprise you to think that the German line is as good as the American line.

EDITED BY ANITA LEECH

Man At His Best

THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Casablanca Going South

BY PAUL SCHNEIDER



We drove this evening from Tangier, near the edge of the Sahara, in the quiet darkness of a cloud that hung low over the *Arry Arry* mountains. Now as we were he gripped his in the dipside door, set down bottles of the local or fish (the—quite white and black squares clustered on the floor—music boxes in brass on silver rooms. On the wall is a large portrait of the old king, Mohammed V, and behind the country, a rack of dated postcards. The music, high, repetitive, nostalgic, and there, were some long fugitive memory. Some precise reminiscence of a wandering life. I took or my friend the roomer soon or, too. "I wonder why they play Moroccan or 90 rpm," she says. "It's like her to notice these things."

The sound stops, and we hear another type, low-chorded into the player. This time a melody is

Berber music, high, repetitive, ruminative, and mostly liturgical. Among them, "We are the only guests in the hotel."

Back in Casablanca, our hotel director had helped plan our escape from the maddening modernity of Morocco's biggest city. "Stay on the main road to Agadir, our chief town; cry, and then go to Marrakech," he said. "You will like Marrakech," he added. "It's right now more than Morocco."

We took a road less paved, and that changed everything. We roared through dry mountains and across green valleys and sandy plains and eventually ended up here in fish like, where it has been all season since 1916, when the Spanish left.

This country is full of cultural enigmas, but not of the standard Third World "one foot in the modern century, one in the Islamic" variety. In the Islamic century, I remember, Moroccan

men were trading the Spanish to build mosques after the style, like those across the sea in Essaouira, where we were a few days ago. There, some churches appear newly where washed walls don't so much reflect the color of the neighboring city and ocean, they mock them.

"The blue comes from the Jews, it was their color," Hadj had told us every time of meals and sleep in galle. He hoped to see it in some rug. We hoped to buy some. "The domestic came here for the color also, which came from an island nearby."

"And Jim Hendrix?" I asked. "Didn't he want to buy the rug?" I had read that as a book some where.

"We were here, and Morrison, all of them. For Jim was too high to know what he was doing."

It's unimaginable that anyone would tell such a beautiful place, anyway. Along narrow streets protected by a high rampart overlooking the Atlantic are tiny shops where panaceas of more or less colored woods and smooth stone are sold; and grubby houses in Essaouira, the life cycle is played out in their dark, cool rooms the size of garden sheds; boys polish with silk cloths and perfume oils, young men sand, silver, steel, old men sand, and sometimes someone again polish with silk cloths.

Hadj's room is toward the corner from the woodshops. There are buyers and fine rug dealers, and in Casablanca, fish, and fishlike. There are snailfish, never authentic ones, too. Hadj

accepts traveler's checks. But money where the shops are the same: comfortable rooms overlooking with carpets. The tables with embroidered patterns in silk colors appear more in the light changes flash before in simple patterns of brown and tan, or complicated Turkish-like designs in dark panels. Each will be unfolded, smoothed, laid out around the room to be seen in different light, and set aside to be looked at again later. No problem that

**Hendrix was here,
and Morrison,
all of them. Jim
wanted to
buy the place.**

no way we are only looking. Here in dark air thick with the smell of olive oil and silk, men with intense presence and men run domestic over the most peaceful of travelers.

Hadj wrapped one before, one red, one blue, in brown paper, tied and secured them in my car.

"You should stay another day. You could make a house on the beach or go out with us to my brother's house," he said. In the other rooming room of our hotel, a Canadian family has been here for a month and a half. The man is friendly, she is beautiful, and the child is quiet. We saw them. Essaouira is far west.

But we continued south on a road five wheels had raked back on earth, keeping up the



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Along the way, people will tell us to take the main course around the mountains, that the road ahead is closed. But it isn't, and we follow along wondering if the deer that throw their dry cliffs up and about the people walking on the steep, jagged green slopes scratched over the sides of them. At the very top, we're greeted by sudden darkness, a man wants to exchange our sneakers for poles. ☐

The original bowling-shoe makers still survive. King-Leslie makes a shoe it calls *Yates for Ever*, and Wilson makes *The Legend*. And for the genuine hair-embroidered article to pore over, *gambeson* or silk has become a collectible item of folk art. You have to rearrange its shafts stage by stage. Or you can visit the Bowling Hall of Fame in St. Louis, where a collection of old-covers is lovingly displayed—pinks, maroons, oranges and black, gold and purple, pink and silver. These pointers range from the 19th century to the 1950s. The oldest is said to be a genuine hair-embroidered shoe, as pronounced by a floral basket, one huge as an arm, bowing ball in hand, ready for use of a ball-opens chain. It's typically round, delightfully snaky, and like all true bowling shoes, covered in it. ■

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Man At His Best

France is not exactly what you'd call a meat-and-veg. fix. Just ask a line of your favorite tugging friends if they've ever come across a single dish blasting the French equivalent of the SAT's sign in some place like Provence or Brittany. But what about the sedate production of country French restaurants on the edge of the Atlantic? They're flourishing because, in truth, much of French food is an understatement and easily in good humored cooking everywhere.

For too long this was the wrong low end of French cuisine, a vibrant beauty of local specialties served at tiny village cafés and family-owned houses that are scattered all over the French countryside. A duck liver soup from Gascony, gaily mixed with wine from Languedoc, spread bread from Burgundy—these are the kinds of uncomplicated

What emerges is a fleshy crust and a creamy custard marbled with onion.

dishes every French man or woman who ever left home remembers.

Another case in point is another, the local name for an onion liver recipe in Alsace-Lorraine, one of the most beautiful regions of France, with its famed Black Forest and dithering France-German cuisine. This Alsatian specialty is perhaps the best among countless variations of onion liver common to nearly every region of France. It begins with the onion skins cooked slowly in goose fat or butter until they mellow to a golden yellow. In this mixture, morsels of choice bacon, eggs, and lots of heavy cream are added, then the whole is poured into a juicy shell and baked. What emerges from the oven is a meaty piece—a thick shell of heavy cream enclosing as much of onion



meat densely scented like marble with dozens of dander, sweet onion threads, all heightened with a gentle trace of bacon that vanishes if you think about it too much.

If all this sounds fumbly, it's because this too is a superb version of quiche, which originated in Lorraine centuries ago as one of those heavy, often creamy, housewifery art forms concocted in order to distract the daily laborer. Today, it always looks like quiche, with whatever the usual staples, which is pretty obvious—no room temperature for an appetizer or a game piece lunch, or more typically, warm and temptingly warm with the cream of onion, butter, and cream. Chilled fluting makes the perfect accompaniment, and with the very first mouth water-

ing, you'll know why nobody will ever try to eat Alsatian food and even don't eat quiche.

French Onion Tart

Shrimp could use a diet party dough with a high fat content that will withstand the moisture of the filling, and they prefer an all-bean crust for its incomparable flavor.

1. Begin with a recipe for a somewhat prebaked short pastry shell, using either a tart or a perigarde for the bottom dish.
2. Melt down 2½ cups of goose fat or butter in a heavy skillet. Add one and a half pounds of thinly sliced onions. Cover and cook over very low heat, stirring every 15 to 20 minutes, until the onions are golden yellow. Cool slightly, then strain

for the onions into the prebaked pie shell.
3. Preheat the oven to 375 degrees. Cut three ounces of lean bacon into one inch by one-half inch strips. Put in a sautépan with one cup of water and simmer for five minutes to eliminate its smoky taste, drain on paper towels. Brown the strips in a skillet with a tablespoon of butter, then sprinkle over the onions.

4. Whisk together three eggs and one and one-half cups of heavy cream in a bowl. Add half a teaspoon of salt, a pinch each of freshly ground pepper and ground nutmeg, pour the mixture over the onions.

5. Bake the tart thirty minutes or just until the filling is golden brown and puffy—don't overbake or it will crack. Serve warm or at room temperature. Makes six servings. **E**

CATALOGUE

Gnaw This

When City is a top code with a general store. It's about fifteen miles north of the Piedmont River, deep in the heart of the Wild Georgia, where gnaw heavily touched the pot in 1825 and Dargatz the name, it is by no means a city, not even allowing for the grand richness of Texas Braggadocio. Not even a town, should you think while driving west on Future-Market Road 1215. But if it ever goes large, Willow City should have a ready-made, available slogan: "Home of the World's Best Hot Jelly!"

Jelly? We know what you're thinking: a cheese-laden effusion of unappetizing jelly pulled spiced with artificial (is rice honey so recognizable as a logo is nature). Not enough, but



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But is it their reputation for jerky that will someday earn the Rabbits a historical marker in front of their place on Campbell Creek. Chew for me, tough, sweeter than any packaged sausage, the Rabbits' jerky is charged with the pungent flavor of the mesquite and hickory smoke that permeates the strips of lean beef during the lengthy twenty-four-hour smoking process. Coarsely ground black pepper and salt are the only spices they use, but there is plenty of both, so have a six-pack or two of cold beer handy when you pause for a jerky break. It only takes a little jerky to work up a leg chafe, and you won't stop with just a little.

These jerky believers might want to build their vacations around a visit to Rabbits', particularly in late spring when caribou, reindeer, and bison products are in full bloom. But if you can't wait, there is good news: more to be had. Just call Rabbits a Telle Keady House, Llanos Ranch, Box 97, William City, Texas 76797, 1-800-875-1414. The best jerky is \$4.45 a pound, turkey jerky (which must) is \$6.

The only problem with jerky is how—where—to eat it. As a main course, for dinner? No way, jerky looks dumb lying next to a green vegetable. Is it a sandwich? No bread can stand up to it. As an hors d'oeuvre? Somehow the words jerky and hors d'oeuvre don't sing in harmony. No, the only way to eat jerky is the way you think only in late whiskey, by itself. Cut off a chunk. Open a beer. That's all the preparation you need to know. —Gillian Weigman



REAL MUSIC

Brother Harold

BY DANIEL OKEENT

It was in a brief in-hall of Harold Arlen. When parsons of American popular song with the manner of the style, he's always mentioned but never played on stage. For recorded recordings make descending gestures in Portofino. Redd Foxx plays the piano of Berlin. But it seems that Arlen—who wrote "Stormy Weather" and "Blues in the Night"—"One for My Baby" and "Billie Bird." "Jelly Rhythm Blues" and "It's Unacceptable" "Once the Rainbow"—was always a presence in the other superpowers: a worthy controller, but not really a candidate for dominance. It ought to be otherwise.

Arlen wasn't the astounding prodigy that was Gershwin, he didn't sparkle through moments and society like Porter, he couldn't claim Rodgers's dominance of the theater or Berlin's staggering longevity. Unlike his peers, who often wrote their own words as backed into lifelong partners, he worked with a

stunning band of lyricists, sending himself of the vocal scenes of Johnny Mercer ("As Goes This, So Goes the Country"), the dramatic punch of his Gershwin ("The Man That Got Away"), Ted Koehler's street-tale naturalism ("Let's Fall in Love"), Tip Hartberg's comic sense of play ("If Only Had a Sense"). In the 1930s, he collaborated with a young lyricist writer on the Broadway show *Muscle of Memory* and Tinseltown Copeland had produced one of his loveliest songs, "A Simple Plan."

It was no accident that, until they met, Copeland thought Arlen, the Buffalo-born son of a cantor, was black—a conviction that was, in fact, a clue to Arlen's art. However much Gershwin caught the rhythm and colors of jazz and the blues, his concept was essentially European. Arlen, though, was plugged directly, almost unthinkingly, into black music. After his first success—"Get Happy," published in 1939—he was shipped up to

Harlem by the modesty who owned the Cotton Club, and for four years he was the house composer for its dancers, all black.

**Ethel Waters
was said to have
called him the
Negro-ist white
man she knew.**

four shows. When frequent intertempers were writing for Broadway stages and leading men, the young Arlen was following his songs for Ethel Waters and Lena Horne, for Duke Ellington's band and Cab Callaghan's. Waters was said to have called him "the Negroist white man" she knew, and his compositions: full of blue notes and convincing rhythms, never bound by the insouciant thirty-two bar form of most Tin Pan Alley songs, always remarkably responsive and direct.

It's easy enough to find Arlen on record. Moonworthy versions of his songs have been recorded by artists as varied as John Coltrane and Fred Astaire, Thelma Houston and Lou Reed, Gil Evans and Graceland. But his three scores remained dormant, especially *Harold Arlen Song Book* (Verve, recently reissued on two CDs) near the end of his belated songbook series, and Arlen's most relevant disc just sings on in its own company. It's all of Arlen's life, from his Sullivan (who himself broke in at the Cotton Club) made a splendid record of three of his songs on *The Great Songs from the Cotton Club* by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler (Savoy). And of your really lucky, you might stumble across a 1939 Columbia release called *Harold Arlen Songs* (A&M), in which the composer himself explains the wonders of his music. On two of the ones, he's accompanied by some one called "a friend"—as it turns out, a young singer named Wesland. ■

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BY BOB GREENE



**The quickest way to
return to adolescence?
Buy your way back in**

of courage to which you escape on weekends. After a hard day of work, you may aspire to a lawnmower lawn. For me, though, the prospect of having an entire high school of my own—to be able to wander the hallways of my personal school, to hang around the gym, to park a horde of kids preying in the parking lot on a warm afternoon—well, heaven could wait.

I ordered a copy of the auction catalog and prepared my speech for the occasion as chief of Education. "Yes, I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that we've just purchased a beautiful high school, and for only one thousand dollars. The bad news is that we've got to come up with six hundred

thousand dollars a year for upkeep."

"I'm not a details man. I just wanted the school."

WHEN THE CATALOG arrived from Shildes Good & Company, real estate brokers, it was not a lawnmower. Most of the catalog consisted of descriptions of conventional properties—apartment buildings, office complexes, retail centers. But then there was that one page: "Facility 10—Modern 175,000 sq. foot High School."

The specifics were enticing: "96 classrooms," "8 science labs," "Full size 25 foot competitive swimming pool," "A new library facility with dumbwaiter," "art classrooms with kids," "ball room and cafeteria."

I checked what occurred the deal in my hand, the vision of possessing my own school. I headed out to Maine North to make an inspection tour.

MAINE NORTH WAS in the middle of a suburban residential area, several miles from the nearest expressway. At first glance, the school seemed in remarkably good shape for having been closed for more than seven years.

The corridors where 1,500 students once learned in classes were painted orange and white. It felt sort of eerie, walking these deserted hallways. I kept half expecting a ghostly principal nonchalant and demand to know where my next room pass was.

All along the hallways there were metal frames for clocks—the clocks that

as one person destroyed the parameters of those 1,600 students' daily schedules—but the clocks themselves had been removed. The clock frames looked like basketball hoops—basketball hoops turned pop-art-like in the floor, and with no time. There must have been a time when the clocks inside these frames held the answer to that most vital of all questions: Is there one minute until third-period Biology starts, or do we have two minutes?

All of the lockers seemed to have been wood slat—eight little strands of metal had been snaked through the holes while construction lockers did their duty, and the metal strands made it impossible to open the locker doors and look inside. Somehow, though, the school district authorities had neglected to secure locker number 2736. On the floor of number 2736 was a remnant of a previous civilization: a crumpled potato-chip bag.

I passed the lockers, left the main building, and strolled over to the football stadium. The gate was sealed. But there were bleachers on both sides of the grass field, yellow goalposts, and a running track. Up at the top of the bleachers on the home team's side of the stadium—on the back of what must have once served as the press box—was a painting of a Viking ship, the symbol of the Maine North Norcoms.

THE REAL ESTATE AUCTION was scheduled to be held in the ballroom of a large hotel. I arrived early, and was surprised to find hundreds of people there. Eavesdropping, I learned that most were looking to bid on the other buildings and parcels of land that had been described in the catalog.

We each registered at a central desk and were given numbered auction paddles to be raised when making our bids. In the auction room we took out seats. Intriguingly, a musical combo had been hired, and they were playing background tunes: "Baby Love," "My Guy." The bidders—and their eyes did seem a bit hard—paid little apparent attention to the songs or the instrumentalists.

Steve Good—who with his father ran Sheldon Good & Company—opened the opening announcements. He said that he wanted to review the bidding procedures thoroughly. "You're not buying a machine or a car. You're buying an expensive piece of real estate. This is not a game. You've got to know the rules."

From a typed list, he read a litany of items that were on the premises of the various properties in the catalog, but that were not, in fact, a part of what was for sale. When he got to the high school, he said that the organs in the auditorium would not be

included in the purchase price. This annoyed me—I had listed that organ very much—and for a moment I considered lowering my bid. But just as quickly I decided to stick with my original figure.

Sheldon Good himself stepped up to the auctioneer's lectern. He said that there would be a minimum bid on each property. For Maine North High School, he said, the minimum bid that would be considered was \$1 million.

I was expecting this. I felt it was an eleven-on-thirty. If no one had been willing to purchase the high school during all the years it had been closed, surely no one was going to

**Within a fraction
of a second, a voice
shouted out:**

**"Two million dollars!" I
was stunned.**

came up with \$1 million now. My plan was to sit passively while Good lowered and lowered and lowered the auction bid, and then to make my offer.

The auctioneer stepped. Sheldon Good said the high school was now on the block. He repeated the \$1 million minimum figure, slanted down the gavel, and asked for an opening bid.

"Within a fraction of a second, a voice from the chair far off to my left shouted out: 'Two million dollars!'"

I was stunned. Sheldon Good rapidly called, "We have two million dollars. Two million dollars." He waited for a higher bid.

As if in a daze, I stood up. I waved my auction paddle at Good. He hurriedly pointed his finger at me.

I just stood there. The room, which had been buzzing with noise, became noticeably quieter.

"Do you have a bid, sir?" Good said. I could hear my veins trying to

"I would like to bid one thousand dollars."

Now the room was totally silent.

"What did you say your bid was?" Sheldon Good said.

"One thousand dollars," I said. I could feel hundreds of pairs of eyes boring in on me.

"No, we have a bid of two million dollars," Good said.

"I bid one thousand dollars," I said.

If there is a sound more silent than a silent snail, that is the sound that filled the room.

All of the normal bustle of an auction had come to a complete halt. Good said, "So, do you understand how an auction works?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

"When there is a bid," Good said, "the snail is to respond in less than a bid. You can't offer a lower bid. The gentleman over there has bid two million dollars."

I had to think quickly.

"I don't think he has the money," I said.

Now there was a burst of conversation as the room again. Good clearly wanted to be done with this. He pointed to a location. According to auction rules, all potential bidders were required to be carrying a certified or embossed check in the amount of 10 percent of the suggested opening bid.

"So, the minimum opening bid on this property was announced at two million dollars," Good said. "Do you have two hundred thousand dollars with you?"

I opened my wallet. "I'll need."

From the corner of my eye, I could see security guards walking up the aisle toward me.

"We're going to have to move you," Good said from behind his lectern. "Is there anything else from you?"

I gazed around at my fellow bidders.

"I would just like to say that I would really like to own this high school."

I WAS TOLD to sit down, and the bidding continued. Two million, 3 million, 4 million, 4.25 million, 4.5 million, 5 million, 6 million, 6.5 million, 6.7 million, 7 million, 7.5 million.

The high school was finally won by a real estate developer who bid \$7.75 million. He explained that his company wanted to use the forty-eight acres of property to construct a new condominium and townhouses. His bid was contingent on two factors: that the land be zoned to permit residential buildings, and that the school board itself approve the price.

A look of these conditions were met, it was expected that Maine North High School would be torn down so that the condos and townhouses could go up.

I WALKED OUT of the auction room. A man stopped me and said, "Where you are?"

"Yes," I said. "I was wrong."

"But why would anybody want to own a high school?" he said.

I just looked at him. I guess he truly didn't understand. ☐

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Most kids were created with a whole Christmas. But you missed the baby, while still to be known drop all your long. Anytime it snowed, you can be the radio to see if school was closed.

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The Spending Life

The Greek in Purgatory

BY MIKE LUPICA

THE REWINDER A.D., naming the Friday before the first Sunday of the National Football League season, is crowded with other ads at the bottom of a page that looks somewhat like *Titanic* in the daytime.

The Susan Lucci ad urges you to "let love happen in our world of passion" and promotes key rooms with her roomies. Around the words *Seven Hotel* is a heart in a crown, as case you can't read.

Underneath the heart is an ad for the Pink Poodle Bar, one describing the Poodle's very full agenda: adult entertainment, girls dancing, ringtones, buy a drink get one free with that ad.

Next to the Pink Poodle ad is a push for a "Skip gambler's greed" from the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas.

And next is a smiling picture of Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder. It is the first time I have seen The Greek in a while.

The headline with this picture screams, THE GREEK IS BACK! An 800 number—1-800-435-GREEK—is provided. Call that number, the ad says, and "the greatest handicapper of all time" will tell you the way to bet on Sunday.

I call the number. No one answers.

It is a year since Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder was fired from his role as oddsman on the NFL. The Greek is seated underneath an autographed picture of Sander in a London Manhattan steak joint of late. Sander's The room was part of the famous R. Mervyn nightclub. Now it seems to be populated mainly by men from *Married to the Mob*. There are a lot of gold chains. The Greek, dressed in a striped yellow shirt and gold studs that are like some gold-shop ornaments, is telling his son, Anthony, and the two callers to the two number get these answers: the Oilers, the Redskins, and the Rams.

"Hey," he says. "I still got it."

I tell The Greek I called the number on Friday but gave up after twenty rings.



CBS was looking for an excuse to cut him from the team. He gave it to them.

IF IT IS THE TWENTH after the season opener on the NFL, The Greek is seated underneath an autographed picture of Sander in a London Manhattan steak joint of late. Sander's The room was part of the famous R. Mervyn nightclub. Now it seems to be populated mainly by men from *Married to the Mob*. There are a lot of gold chains. The Greek, dressed in a striped yellow shirt and gold studs that are like some gold-shop ornaments, is telling his son, Anthony, and the two callers to the two number get these answers: the Oilers, the Redskins, and the Rams.

"Hey," he says. "I still got it."

"We had a little problem with weekend odds," The Greek says, wearing a head once groomed by his mother for the radio, a long one ago in Southside, Ohio, when he was *Dinner* on the radio. This was before he invented this flamboyant character, Jimmy "The Greek," who was a gambler, a hustler, one of the operators of the football point spread, a guy who madly calls you he made *Atlantic* "odd" on the radio.

I ask him an Elmer's if he had watched the first NFL. Today in twelve years that did not have Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder as one of its stars.

He says, "I didn't watch the show, I was to the truck instead. To tell you the truth, I was lower than a snake's belly. But it's funny, it wasn't being on television that I missed. What I missed was being able to watch

eight or ten games up there on the board in the studio. When I came back from the truck, I had to run on the set and get the women like everybody else."

The subject of Snyder's game was a depression. The Greek had been calling about the high degree of accuracy that had been as good as following his career off the top of a tall building.

"Only one CBS guy spoke up for me," The Greek said. "Shades [and, executive producer of CBS Sports] called the meeting of all the CBS guys down there for the game [NBC Championship Game between the Redskins and the Vikings]. John Madden and I had been friends for twenty years. He's damn. He could have said something. He didn't,

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not until later, after it was too late. Boon (Missinger), I knew he was going to see something for me. But I thought John would. The only guy who stood up for me was Pat Scarnell."

Scarnell says The Greek's success of the morning is true. "I looked around at everybody and said, 'What exactly did he do that was so wrong?'"

What The Greek did was come out looking like the Al Capone of football. Capone had paid on Nephew that black led the "association" to be major league football managers, and became, in the eyes of a great many people, this pushing long fight for professional sports. Now The Greek had done the same thing.

Ned Pilon, the president of CBS Sports, was on his way to Hawaii for network affiliate meetings when The Greek gave his now-famous interview at Duke Zboron's restaurant. Pilon called Washington the next morning.

"Pilon calls and says, 'I think you should quit,'" The Greek says. "So I say to him, 'What the hell did I do? You want to reprimand me, reprimand. Say you're suspending me for this one game, because of me going into things I shouldn't have gone into.' Pilon says, 'That's great. That's what we'll do.'"

January "The Greek" Seyler says that every morning he has to read on the television and found out he had been fired.

"They issued a statement calling what I said reprehensible," The Greek says. "You don't come back from reprehensible. Reprehensible means you're dead."

A spokesperson for CBS now says, "The network is not interested in continuing further on this sad and educational story."

At the time of Seyler's firing, ABC's Dick Schuppe joked, "If they're going to start firing television people for saying dumb things, we're all in jeopardy." But The Greek had gone too far. Even a legend was not safe—and The Greek was that—a finally say one dumb thing too many.

The Greek gave the world the high and let the package

THE GREEK, at seventy, has lost some life.

He has been rich and been broke and then rich again because of gambling. When he came out on a bill, it was not if The Greek did not recognize them. Parents understood that the worst tragedy of all is burying a child. January "The Greek" Seyler has done it three times in his life. Two daughters and a son died of cystic fibrosis.

"Hey," The Greek says, "you keep living after that, you keep living after CBS."

He makes his five houses, he says, when he comes to New York in 1991 and, despite the polls, laid everything he had on Truman

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INDULGENT. THE SENSE...

to host Dewey.

"I wanted to grow a moustache that year," he says. "My sister told me women didn't trust guys with moustaches. I took a look at Dewey and got on a train for New York." The guy from Ohio undressed himself all over New York City, as if they were the rubes.

He built a public-relations business. He was once chased out of his sports book in Vegas by Robert Kennedy, who was trying to break the mob's hold on gambling there at the time. The Greek had nothing to do with the mob, but he was a name in gambling, and he ended up having to plead into court that he was never charged about passing gambling information over the telephone. He started a newspaper column with the Las Vegas Sun in the '60s to pay hospital bills and watched it grow into something two hundred papers wanted.

There is this line from the movie *My Favorite Year*. Peter O'Toole's character says, "I'm not an actor. I'm a movie star." The Greek—oddsmaker out of Brooklyn—wasn't an expert about sociology. His circus said he sure wasn't an expert about football. It didn't matter. He was a star. Jimmy Snyder was The Greek.

The show isn't the same without him. It hasn't been anything like scoring in a long time, not since Phyllis George was at her first race on the show and the three of them—Brent, Phyllis, and The Greek—became American icons, at least in a unit.

Mike Pearl, now with ABC, was the producer of *The NFL Today* in 1991 when The Greek joined Manbarger and Phyllis George. "It was," Pearl says, "a hell of a act."

TELEVISION EXECUTIVES GO through life scared of many things, from critics to ratings, but of one thing above all others: looking bad. The Greek had made everybody look bad. The fact that he was respectable, his contract about as iron-clad as made the decision that much easier for his bosses. The Greek opened his mouth on Friday, and by Sunday nobody at the network had ever heard of him. When Manbarger read a statement addressing Snyder's dismissal on that Sunday's show, he could have been talking about any dead Greek from Aristotle to Demos.

The Greek had the bad luck to make a sociological donkey of himself in the Age of Campaign. A few years earlier, CBS's Tom Brokaw had made an insulting comment about the collective IQ of the graduationally Mark University of Louisville basketball team. Brokaw's was suspended, not fired.

But The Greek was vulnerable because his act was getting old. So was he. He was

vulnerable with a big contract at a time of cost cutting by new CBS owner Laurence Tisch. One year after the fact, Indiana CBS executive Al Manbarger would have been fired for making the same mistake, and the executive thought a moment and said, "I can't remember that."

With Jimmy, they were just waiting for him to pull the trigger," Mike Pearl says. "In that eye, he outlined his audience. When that happens in television, it's only a matter of time."

The bosses in sports television aren't even brave enough to stand up to serious television critics, television critics, most of whom can't read Nielsen ratings, make all network sports books roll over and die: critics anyway. So the bosses certainly weren't going to stand in their against the initial wave of bad publicity generated by The Greek. The solution was simple.

Nobody on television ever knows when to shut up. They never shut up willingly. Somebody just turns the microphone off if they. That is what happened to The Greek.

He was dumb. His bosses were scared. It is called television.

HE'S STILL TALKING about his theories at Blazer's.

"Actually, it wasn't even a fucking appointment," The Greek says. "It was a thing I read in a book. It was a thing I saw on TV. Well, that black sprinter and the same thing in *Sports Illustrated* twenty years ago."

Los Evans, I say.

"Hiss," The Greek says loudly.

In a *Sports Illustrated* story in 1970, Olympic medalist Los Evans had said, "On the plane, there, a strong black man was seated with a strong black woman. Blacks were simply used for physical qualities."

The weekend of the statement, Jesse Jackson, an old acquaintance of The Greek's, showed up in Washington to give some moral support, got booed on the one-way news, and couldn't CBS let him employ enough blacks.

The Greek took it harder than most, and very hard. "I didn't do anything wrong, and Jesse knew that. I'll take a fucking oath on this, but not one person has ever approached me and said, 'You should be ashamed of what you said.' You know what they say? The same. 'Greek, you got screwed,' that's what they say. Well, I'm probably as popular now as I ever was."

I ask him if he is worried that he will be remembered as some kind of bigot.

"People know better," he says. "Besides, I figure I'm going to be remembered as Arthur Snyder's old man." He laughs and places his hand over his eye's on the red-and-white checkered tablecloth at Blazer's. ■





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THE GOLD CARD

Smart Money

A PROFESSIONAL'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL MATTERS

Example: You weren't the same after Ed Buckley stopped appearing on cable screens. Even the loss of Tuesday Night's evening meetings pulled him out of my system, even the disappearance of *Besides*, the evening "no-frills sitcom" of late-night TV.

"I am so into it, I'm scared by the concept of 'investing'!" Ed would say, his protruding gold belt of an Adam's apple pulsing in his double neck with powerful facial expressions. Ed could hold on tight for three full minutes—twice a night (all you had to do was find him again on *Teacher Channel*)—as he delivered his pitch in one of the quietest, most unpleasant ways even *snide*. On and on Ed would go about his "concept," never once stopping to explain what the concept was. While Ed used his voice, some pretty colorful looking scenes would cut from a glowing audience and notify us the view would they'd acquired via the concept Ed was selling us prior with his last order: \$100—subscription guaranteed or your money back.

Though he will always be my personal favorite, Buckley is only one of two dozen or so prominent "nothingdowners" real estate gurus who've turned around the beginning of the Reagan presidency. An infomercial took control soon out of sight, and later buyers and sellers began to hear about schemes for saving property while circumventing the increasingly prohibitive rules of modest mortgages. The most famous author/pioneer of nothing down "techniques" was Al Lowery (*How Now Can I Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate*) and Robert Allen (*Nothing Down*), a book that sold almost a million copies.

Bob Lowery (self-estimated net worth: \$50 million)



THE INVESTOR

The Days of Nothing Down

BY DONALD E. KATZ

and Allen sought to convey some pretty reasonable information that anyone seeking property should know. They explained such concepts as depreciation and rate of return, the confusion, but they also presented the importance of finding "motivated" sellers and producing no-down payment or cash equity that would make you rich. Both men began to host traveling road shows, weekend seminars in nothing down investing that

could cost participants nearly \$500. By early 1985 Bob Allen suggested that busy thousand-dollar Americans would hear his spiel by the end of the year.

The great Ed Buckley was a California high school teacher in 1987. Buckley's idea had moved to Fairfield, Iowa, to be near the Mahanah Mahanah Yogi Mahanah International University. When he started marketing out along his home-state chain, he on TV, Ed was rising up profits

from the one thousand thousand-dollar-a-hour course he said he was selling each week.

Nothing-down pitches took to the networks in droves. Don Del Don's "Cash For Paper" was good for a chuckle during the 90s. It was parodies of scenes when you couldn't find Ed, and then there was always—

On an investment of nothing but your time, you could become rich, rich, rich.

and I mean always—Tony Holman, the self-proclaimed "Financial Phil Donahue" who wore neon diamond rings shaped like dollar signs and—just like the great television pitchman in Washington—appeared in the governorship of California.

And what did these expensive tapes say?

This being a short column, I will attempt to lead down "the concept"—three concrete steps of Buckley-down, the essence of nothing down investing—in the way. If you want a rich and you want to become it by buying small houses in apartment buildings, you have to pull a few one

Obviously the plays say, grand were as rich as Buckley's assertions that you can profit of MasterCard and Visa cash and just borrow cash up to the limit and invest property with 0% down. In 1985, he had \$100,000 in cash value of \$10,000 that you've bought discounted for just under \$5,000, then continuing some capital gains to accept the paper for an \$18,000 property. Others suggested that you get a loan to invest in your property for low-interest government loans (a

average buyers in various circles as likely. But all of them applied in one way or another that you had to take advantage of either a seller or a lender—perhaps both—by a pure nothing-down deal, in which a seller agrees to a sale transfer with no down payment and a financial institution for some reason gives you a mortgage anyway.

Analysis of the guru were concerned to seek out other citizens, people in diverse circles, people living transferred, and homeless victims. The answer

If the real estate market is over, what will we talk about at parties?

ed code matter for a reader was "your rental seller." Once you added with the price or otherwise secured someone over and secured a property, the agent replaced the bar in of being a landlord in the reasonable same Legre trash area. You would thus stay cash flow over as your property rose rapidly in value before long-term like this, you would become rich, rich, rich.

As the length of the case—around the beginning of a 1944—a fellow named John Reed broke from the literary all

real estate investment experts to blow the whistle. On TV shows, in letters to financial institutions, and in his own newsletter *Real Estate Investor's Monthly*, Reed began meticulously to document the spread model, legal, and as a result advised. First in the nothing-down concept. He pointed out that in addition to being truly stupid, the game required positive cash flow from rentals—which was not impossible if you'd financed a property with nothing down. The deal also required an appreciation of at least 10 percent each year in a property's value. By right, Reed figured the average appreciation in the land of humble properties nothing-down broke might be around a percent.

Now the reader weighed in with your money. Reed made [see Lead (discontinued paper) look back on it in *Money*]. As with so many cases, the deal was not short by intention—not in the demand for the coin, but by the spreading of news that the small didn't work.

After claiming he was worth two million, former California governor Tony Hoffman declared Chapter 11. Al Levy served his ties with the deal from prison; he was in on his 1944 and died in a bankruptcy in 1976. Bob Allen had been having IRS troubles since 1976, and in 1974 an envelope full with copy-righted buy upon his expenses

since house in Poon, Utah, coming, he claimed, tremendous financial loss deal (not this man's book on insurance). Now Allen is out of the business. In September 1984, Ed Beckley and the lower attorney general's office reached the largest single consumer-protection agreement in state history. Beckley agreed to return \$1.3 million to some ten thousand unsatisfied customers.

Beyond the level of scam and fraud, the nothing-down plan promotion had a lot to do with the strange way inflation sends irrational contagion through a large population. Just as rumors and emotions rode the bull market until the fall, those playing that and those with economic reality followed the inflation-borne nothing-down would never end. And there was no punishment: a part of popular consciousness that is not instant dollars leaves me to wonder where people talk about as cooked games now.

Reed says that there are still a few interesting plays left in the "Trinity" of real estate deals—buying houses and moving them in one, and buying properties with bad foundations and fixing them is another—but he warns anyone not willing to "rent a house, back a founder, lose, lose and live people, and generally get your hands dirty" to stay away from investing in and managing property.

Reed says he still keeps up with the former nothing-down guru. Bob Allen is back selling single lots and self-entitled services. [see Lead with seventy-one different types of waves and on full squawks containing various subliminal messages, and Ed Beckley, the transnational operator of financial armatures, the misleading "inflation-resistant" on late night TV—my hero—as host on *Money*]. He declared bankruptcy in 1976. He failed to pay back the \$1.3 million. And he's still having two pending actions by the lower attorney general, that there he is on TV, crowing still into the night. Welcome back, Ed. You're one of the greats. ☐

FINANCIAL HOTLINE

The Short Course on College Aid

College Consultants is in the business of trying to keep the system—in this case, the college financial-aid system. The company (312-661-4866) will fill out the aid forms and advise parents to shuffle your assets to maximize the aid your child may receive. College Consultants recommends enrolling its services when your child is in



eleventh or twelfth grade. The average-year-old company says it saves families an average of \$5,000 over the four years of college. If it fails to save at least the \$200 in commonly charged, a "basic rate" of \$200 goes into effect. The matter here resembles the rest; college consultants should be a third party in using their financial resources to make an advantage in the paying fee. The company says the aid system is viable to begin with, paying the college is not unlike paying taxes you let your accountant figure out what you owe, not the IRS.



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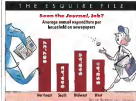
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THE BUSINESS TRAVELER

What's Good for the Boss...

BY GLENN ECHLER

Remember the way you used to travel before you passed that frequent-flyer plan, how you chose your flights not by airline but simply according to your schedule? Since then, you've surrendered a lot of freedom in order to pile up the old bonus miles, but hey, you don't mind giving up some flexibility if it means rewards down the line. Not so fast, because there's whole new breed of frequent-flyer programs out there that may change your favorite air line when you like it or not the corporate bonus plan—that is, one that rewards your employer for the sake of you. You may soon find your choices limited not only by the points that you want to earn, but by those your boss does—and strangely

enough, you may not even mind Japan Air Lines, Korean Air Lines, Lufthansa, and Thai Airways International as new eligible corporate bonus plans in your country. A domestic flyer in MGM Grand Air, the all-first-class carrier that flies between Los Angeles and New York. The programs offer awards ranging from ticket upgrades to five nights, customers traveling business as they often are when given bonuses as part of their special package. Although airline representatives deny it, some of the carriers require participating corporations to contribute a certain amount of business in order to participate in the program. But personal bonus-point accumulators with U.S. domestic carriers (such as JAL's avianet program with TWA and Delta)

generally extend to the corporate program.

In other words, the programs work pretty much the way do individual plans do—except that the award goes to your company instead of you. Exploration of the working class? Not exactly, or at least not yet. The thing that keeps the corporate bonus plan from turning into a new way for someone else to step what you saw is the fact that when the corporate traveler is also a member of the airline's individual bonus plan, almost all of them would rather to break the company and the individual account. So while you rack up the miles for them, you're also picking up the miles for you. That doesn't change the fact that you're lost some or all of the freedom to choose your airline, but how many careers serve Bangkok anyway?

But will the rise of the corporate bonus plan give the air line an excuse to cut individual bonus plans? Probably not soon. Most of the carriers offering the corporate programs are foreign ones, serving a handful of U.S. cities. Major domestic airlines, with their complicated hub-and-spoke systems, would find the group bookkeeping a nightmare—and besides, much is day duty is, they prefer to earn corporate business with straight discounts and rebates.

On the other hand, the IRS keeps threatening to tax bonus miles as income to individuals. Should that come to pass, it would take much of the class off the individual programs, so it's by no means unreasonable that the corporate programs might actually replace them.

For now, though, everything is cool. And there's always the chance that you'll be the next corporate bonus with a coach ticket upgrade on your trip to Munich or Tokyo. Of course, it's more likely that you cranked faster and went back will be when it's up to a senior to ride the CEO can have his choice of central seat can be dogged to leave the executive suite... but go, he's the boss. **E**

TRAVEL HOTLINE

I Never Stopped Loving You

April 1993 is now again special: just in Delta Air Lines' Wings. The hotel program, April stopped out two years ago because of Delta's preferred treatment of World and Kites International, both owned by its parent company, UAL; since then, UAL has become Alaska and then UAL again, and the hotel chain has been sold, so April has come back to the fold.

Show Us Your Waivers

Representative Charles Schumer has introduced a bill that would have no-claim items to break out the rules of collision damage waivers to their advertising—and to their customers at the counter that they may not need them.

Out of Control

The FAA says that the continued growth of domestic air travel is going to require the lifting of the limited new air-traffic controllers usually, and that as many as three thousand additional new controllers will be needed—very soon—to make up for attrition. Hey, didn't we used to have a whole host of experienced controllers on the job? What ever happened to them?



LES MINEAILES

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Life insurance is one of those terms that nag at customers. You are learning your life, but against what? Death. The only way you (or rather your heirs) can get the world's benefits of your policy is if you die young. That was said the moment a revolution of a hybrid insurance product that covers long-term health-care expenses, life insurance that you don't have to die for.

A handful of companies specializing in universal-life insurance are now offering a rider that allows the policy's death benefit to be "paid" as a living policyholder in order to help cover his nursing-home expenses. First developed by National Travelers Life in 1981, these long-term health-care riders are being sold by First Penn Pacific, FFI, and Security Guaranty. Companies, citing rules. While every rider has its own details, most of them cost between 5 and 15 percent of the base policy premium and require

that the company will pay out a percentage of the death benefit in monthly installments directly to a policyholder who is in a nursing home or requiring medically necessary care outside his home.

Life insurance companies have figured out health insurance for the most compelling of reasons. As of today, two out of five Americans over the age of sixty-five will spend time in a nursing home, at an average cost of \$12,000 a year. Between the average middle-aged population and the rapidly increasing rate of care in medical costs, the country is facing a crisis in long-term health care, and life-insurance companies are in a position to help out positively. The money that they pay out for nursing-home care would have to be paid out in the end on their home as part of the death benefit.

No matter how ingenious these riders are, though, they represent only a redistribution of benefits, not an increase in total

coverage. Every dollar the policyholder receives to deliver nursing-home expenses is subtracted from the money that will come to his beneficiary. Because some insurance companies are disheartened by the idea of a husband eventually paying for his wife's long-term care during a long nursing-home stay, many won't pay out more than half the death benefit on this feature. (First Penn Pacific's Advanced Care rider does make the entire benefit available. And one company, CNA in Chicago, has a universal-life rider that pays long-term care claims without touching the death benefit.) Of course, if you can comfortably finance your or your partner's nursing-home bill without touching the life insurance, you probably should do it. That death benefit is, after all, the only money that can be passed on to heirs as cash.

If you are having the impression that the new universal policies are not significantly going to deliver America's elderly from financial need, you're right, but consider the alternatives. Standard health-care coverage gives dangerously short shrift to long-term care—Medicare covers only the first hundred days in a nursing home. Then there are the "assured alive" health-insurance policies that specifically cover nursing-home care. Generally, they look as better with more extensive benefits, but they can cost a small fortune. Whereas a rider on a \$100,000 universal policy might cost you an extra \$25 a year, a tag of the line "assured alive" policy might cost ten times that amount. If that scares you the nursing-home and hands you a serious dilemma with a long hospital stay instead, such a policy will seem particularly dear.

The experts say that health-insurance companies will have to respond to the needs of an older population and that long-term-care coverage will become more comprehensive, more competitive, and cheaper. In the meantime, though, securing your health with your life is at least an intriguing idea. ■

FINANCIAL
HOTLINEWhen the Rabbi
Went Secular

Computer like to tie up large chunks of money in deferred compensation plans for valuable executives, these executives like to ensure that the money will still be around when they retire. Which is where the Secular Trust comes in.

Inspired, early enough, by the Talmud. Right now, a rabbi who wished to provide for his future retirement while there were still Jews left in the neighborhood had retirement money placed in an un-federated, unincorporated trust, recognized by the state but not by the IRS. Money on trust was not still be actually retired. The new Secular Trust (judged by the Anti-Rabbi Trust) leaves the idea but changes it to a basic late IRS-recognized trust. While you pay taxes today on money you can't spend until retirement, you're protected against future tax increases as well as from the possibility of your company going bankrupt or being taken over by hostile new management. ■



T

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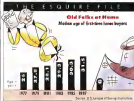
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THE GOLD CARD®



I don't know about you, but as a responsible executive I have to make a list of references. I find it helps provide you with the kinds of useful forecasts, projections, and synthetic brain food that form the basis of public relations in our society. It also helps keep a man from thinking too deeply, a quality of the modern I have always resented.

Now all that has changed. I walk around scared all the time. Horrible images go peering through my mind and not only bothering me but also not bothering me. I don't work at Dorco. It's not the programming, I love ads and violence, especially on TV. It's the commercials aimed at us business types. They're mean. Meaner than real life. And that's saying a lot.

There's a guy named Steve whose Mercedes never has to get caught in traffic, for instance. Now, I always get caught in traffic, so maybe that's driving. But Steve? Forget about it. Steve just drives through the point eight highway to his suburban trust, straddling down the most road at the limit the law allows, maybe even faster. "Steve? Could be a myth!" declares his wife, Edie. Yet, at Dorco, as a group of C-suite-level officials, we all look on in amazement. And we are there driving unusually, meanly, while Steve like me sits on the freeway, leaning and adjusting. Is it the car? Or is there something about Steve that usually that simply expects to be ahead of him, even if he were behind the wheel of a Buick? And if so, what if he were in the car in front of Steve? Could the hunt?

Then there's this guy, Charles Schwab. I want to know. Is he a real person, like John Deere, or a fictional logotype like Terry Goodkind? He is a successor of people, each of whom was probably eating soup in his roots twenty years ago like the rest of us, now delecting in tasty Blueberry Thyme, and they ask me a couple of daunting stuff. Am I loved with the right words?



THE STRATEGIST

Okay, You Scared Me!

BY STANLEY KING

Is my money safe? Can I get to my cash? I don't know, okay? Get out of my face!

Oh, no. Now it seems The Wall Street Journal no longer promises to make me a success overnight. They admit it may take the current works toward its extraordinary subscription. Guy, let's see... I've been in business... it's longer than the man next to me! I read the Journal all the time! What year? Am I 45 or 50 years over? Should I get my money back? Or not... me!

There's more bad news from my local phone company. It seems Bob and Tim both closed calls on the same day, right? But Bob apparently called to follow up, and Tim, in a final act of stupidity, didn't. Bob's call put him in touch with a supplier who would hire me with a couple of daunting stuff. Am I loved with the right words?

before you can say T. Boone Pickens, Bob grabbed up Tim's money! KA POW! Now Tim is calling me while Bob is buying a Mercedes just like Steve's!

That's not all. That very same week they tell me Carl thought about and contracted clients, while Bill, clearly unaware of what was happening to Tim, kept up the stress, didn't. Immediately, Carl's phone began to malfunction and grew from a simple push-button instrument into a hyperpowered object the size of a suitcase, and voila—last god-forsaken company I work with left's building set like that! Bill came to work one day and found all his books changed! Oh, nothing world of business!

It has become what they mean talking long distance. A relationship guy's phone system won't let him make out, going calls or accept incoming.

A relationship guy's phone system won't let him make out, going calls or accept incoming.

advice. We catch him just before he ventures out on the ledge. The camera darts over the line of his forehead, showing away to focus on his troubled eyes. **MIKE'S SOLAR**

An executive catches him. Two younger players, one male,

**You think
I want to end up
like Tim
and Bill? I want
to live!**

one female. The latter informs the former that the current life-debilitating accident was awarded elsewhere. "I'm surprised," the troubled lad groans. "The Old Man will be, too," says the executive, with an audible smacking of lips. **REED'S ONE**

In rear rooms, boardrooms, bedrooms, 3031 plumb the chance of cash. Bill got an BLAT! the anxious, disoriented chord in AMH! involved into a Big Major Chord and KEE-PLANG! the logo on End All Others darts down, with the ultimate question.

Can I afford not to make the Right Choice?

Are you kidding? You think I want to end up like Tim and Bill? I want to live! No, then have an eye, you're looking at the new me. **REED'S TWO**

1. I will ignore only those economic objects that enhance my human and make me a topic of conversation. For some reason, I feel that only German products will do, as I will go home.

2. I will spend two hours each day pondering whether my nation, if any, is worth enough.

3. I will always get the Hobbly account.

4. I will think about to sustain clients and always call to follow up—my telephone will have to be paid from my dying fund.

5. More of all, for the first time in my life, I will stop Not Making the Right Choice. Eventually, I may even stop making the Wrong One. **REED'S THREE**

*Decide on what
you think is right,
and stick to it.
—George Eliot*



COMMITMENT

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**Fireman's
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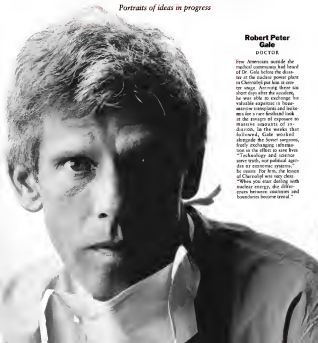
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WEST Meets EAST

Portraits of ideas in progress



Robert Peter Gale
DOCTOR

Five Americans inside the medical community had heard of Dr. Gale before the disaster at the nuclear power plant in Chernobyl put him in center stage. Among those six short days after the accident, he was able to exchange his valuable expertise in bone-marrow transplants and leukemia for a rare firsthand look at the images of exposure to massive amounts of radiation. In the weeks that followed, Gale worked alongside the Soviet surgeons, freely exchanging information in the effort to save lives. "Technology and science serve truth, not political agendas or economic systems," he insists. For him, the lesson at Chernobyl was very clear: "When you start dealing with nuclear energy, the differences between countries and boundaries become trivial."



Kenneth L. Adelman
COLUMNIST

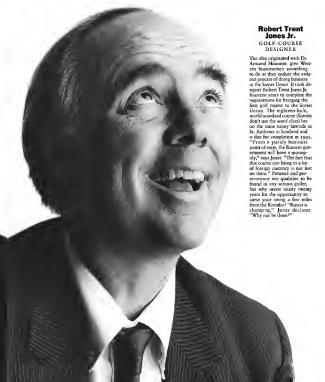
Lucky Ken Adelman. Appointed by Ronald Reagan to be director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, he found himself in the right place (with the President) at the right time (the Soviet 90). An advocate in the Soviet's presence, Adelman pushed for the INF treaty, soon signed, and has since been using his experience to discourage further arms increases. "I think that we should stand pat until the situation in the USSR seems real clear," he says. A firm believer in keeping America the number-one military power in the world, Adelman feels his column is more influential than government service. "I write to win the hearts and minds of newspaper readers and to have some influence on a policy. After all," he says, "it took before the convention, I wrote the column suggesting Dan Quayle as Bush's running mate."



**Stephen F.
Cohen**

SOVIETOLOGIST

Imagine a world without the Cold War. Then imagine what could be done with the energy and resources that are each day poured into the world-wide machinery of fear. "Gorbachev offers an unprecedented opportunity," says Cohen, "but I think we have developed an almost pathological need for the 'Evil War of the East.'" Cohen's book on Bokharin was recently published in the Soviet Union, the first there since Stalin declared him a traitor, and an important step in what Cohen believes is a one-on-one dialogue. His courses at Princeton are wildly popular, his books, his column in *The Nation*, and his television commentary draw the ire of the conservative Right, but his reasons are understood, says Cohen: "We doubt we had all the answers about Russia, but we have to keep asking questions."



**Robert Trent
Jones Jr.**

GOLF-COURSE
DESIGNER

The idea originated with Dr. Arnold Haas, gave Western businessmen something to do as they endured the arduous process of doing business in the Soviet Union. It took designer Robert Trent Jones Jr. fourteen years to complete the negotiations for bringing the first golf course to the Soviet Union. The eighteen-hole, world-standard course (Sovets don't use the word *club*) lies on the same sandy latitude as St. Andrews in Scotland and is due for completion in 1991. "From a purely business point of view, the Russian government will have a monopoly," says Jones. "The fact that this course can bring in a lot of foreign currency is not lost on them." Politics and perseverance test qualities he has found in any serious golfer, but why invest nearly twenty years for the opportunity to earn your swing a few miles from the Kremlin? "Russia is changing," Jones declares. "Why not be there?"



Esquire

THE
VERDICT
ON
**ARTHUR
LIMAN**

He has intellectual integrity, ethical bearing, and a public spirit—so how come he's such a good lawyer?

BY TAD FRIEND

The corporate lawyer as hero

ON MAY 7, 1987, people who turned on their televisions expecting the analysis of an *I Love Lucy* rerun were jolted awake. The Iran-contra hearings had preempted regular programming, and Arthur Liman had pre-empted the screen. Liman, the chief counsel to the Senate committee investigating the Iran-contra matter, was cross-examining Major General

Tad Friend is beginning to work on a book about his travels in Asia and Europe for Atlantic Monthly Press. This is his first piece for Esquire.

only to "protection lawyers," he notes. His big move, reshaping the case: "Did I say that? I don't think I said that. That doesn't sound like the right word."

"If I try not to be abrupt or overbearing," Luman says. "I'm sensitive to it, and I try to back off." Luman's smile expands playfully. One day he and a friend were driving a car, and, she faintly recalls, "Arthur keeps interrupting me—he doesn't let me finish a sentence. I finally manage to turn and said, 'Arthur, you are being incredibly rude. What gives?'"

Heater grins, with an incredible twinkle in his eye. "That's not rude," he said. "That's correct."

The corporate lawyer on pro se

THERE ARE TWO double-slash offices in Paul, Weiss. One belongs to Arthur Luman. The other belongs to the man many say is second father to Luman, the man he has succeeded as the firm's de facto leader, Judge Simon Rifkind, who lived Paul, Weiss from inside into one of the nation's greatest firms, numbering 340 lawyers. After moving from the federal bench at forty-nine, the courtly Rifkind, who is fond of saying he works in the southeast corner, represented cases ranging from Jacqueline Onassis and Michael Chang (he skiffed to Jessica Williams of *Q. J.* fame). A gifted writer and leading advocate of his generation, Judge Rifkind, at eighty-eight, is the firm's patriarch.

"The judge really focused Arthur," says Luman's sister, Gladys. Rifkind was given to drinking parties with strong flavors of cheese, Luman is often seen with lunch-pail conversation, but they shared a self-motivating work ethic. Manhattan district attorney Robert Morgenthau recalls visiting Paul, Weiss in the late 1970s at a hot summer evening when the temperature was well over one degree and the air conditioning had broken. Everyone else had gone home but Rifkind and Luman, who perched on seats with sweat pouring down their faces.

Like many of the lawyers Luman admires, Rifkind is an unashamed loner. But Rifkind is a man who closely watches how his words fly out from behind a floppy mustache and how his hands model the beaver, and he watches himself carefully when he talks about Luman. "I am very fond of Arthur," Rifkind says. "Profession-

"I relax in the courtroom. It's a sanctuary.... I can remember every word every witness says, there isn't a gesture I miss."

ally, he is my son. But that's a relationship only a son can have—his father can't choose a son. I don't know how he came to be, the chosen, sports me just like a professional like together.... For all I know, here's a man who has a secret ambition to score a hole-in-one. The passion and sweat the same way. We ought to have more about each other, but we don't. That's the way we live now."

Ellen Luman says of her husband, "He would call his father every day to make sure he was all right. And he's always called to Rifkind frequently. Arthur will call up and ask if Rifkind has a pen, and if Rifkind is sick he'll run to the hospital. Rifkind was always his professional father, but now it's like the roles are reversed. Except," she smiles faintly, "that by contrast Rifkind is a little cold and analytical. He would never tell me if Arthur had a pen."

One of Rifkind's notes, flustered in two-minute speeches, is that "the proposition assembly may induce and compensation that the function of a trial is to discover the truth is a myth.... The true function of a litigation is to resolve a dispute and to resolve it by the prescribed application of societal rules." A former government attorney who has frequently conspired with the judge none other than Rifkind person his choice one generation by long a real angle player. "A senior Paul, Weiss partner says, 'Arthur believes you get more in the long run by being candid. It comes from a tradition that tries to make the worst case appear the better, by emphasis and omission. He plays both the terms.'"

Though Luman wears his commitment the suggestion, a number of Paul, Weiss partners believe he has greater breadth than his mentor—and many wonder if he needed a mentor. Last December Luman won the United Jewish Appeal's *Proskauer Award* for public service (which he accepted only after consulting Rifkind, who had won a twenty-year award). At the award dinner, Rifkind stood to make a move, saying which he proudly admired, "I feel like

a teacher whose pupil has surpassed him."

The corporate lawyer as mentor

IN RECENT YEARS the only blow to the first that Rifkind built was the weakness of Paul, Weiss associate Michael David, one of the "yuppie made lawyers" in March 1986, Luman got a phone call from Arthur Rifkind, an acquaintance who had a son.

A man familiar with what happened next says that Luman, dressed in a dark business suit, went to Arthur's apartment on Sunday morning, March 16, 1986. Luman looked in the tape and left saying only to himself, "We've never had anything like this happen." "He was clearly very in control and very ready," the man says, which for Luman is just really a contradiction. "His first reaction was very robust. 'You know I'm going to have to bring this to the U.S. attorney.' Then he used the phone to call his partner."

Luman and a war council of select Paul, Weiss partners decided to send David to Paris on a weeklong trip, explaining to him they'd given him the "W" David came back from Paris on March 16, he was taken into Luman's office to look at Luman and his partner Jay Tappin. The partners that the door and simply looked at David, whom they had never met. As Paul, Weiss, where young lawyers represent community-lawyer child guidance, Luman is seen to be a devoted mentor prone to such warm gestures as offering his house to an associate who needs a place to get married. But this was different.

Luman readily laid out the problem. According to The American Lawyer, who David shared Luman's charges and said he was merely interested in the markets, Luman responded angrily, "This isn't about your having an interest in the market. You know why you're here." "It wasn't interested in extracting a confession from him," Luman recalls. "I said him it was in the hands of the authorities and ended it there."

Compared with the way other firms, notably Washburn, Lipton, Kohn & Kohn (who have counseled two partners regarding insider trading), have handled their dis-

graces, Paul, Weiss was hard on David. The usually colorful Jay Tappin says he and Luman met Luman and said, "It was an emotional-filled experience.... We gave each other our trust, and the whole deal takes advantage of that.... Arthur [sic] [David] had betrayed Judge Rifkind and the firm." When Luman's eldest son, Lewis, and about Michael David's being, he sometimes being started by his father's roughness. The compartment in Luman's life are sharply defined, Steve Ross says. "If you want to try to explain to people who are in the courtroom how much he loves his kids, they'll laugh at you."

When Luman berates to prevent her husband's position on them looking into his business, which consists of trading, doing as his best friend with his son David, collecting the month's attorney's fees for the 100 rooms in their apartment, something enough to occasionally make the New York Post gossip column "bitch," and having around their country house in Westchester County with his pants dragging the floor, unimpaired by a belt.

The only name Arthur Luman adopts his Old Testament prophet name at home is when the suggestion is made that professional pressure have led him to compromise his beliefs. In some reduced on breakfast meals across the country, Lewis and his sister Emily, in contrast to their Karl Marx, would accuse their father of being in a crackpot world who represented the affluent in an affluent society. "He would get very angry," Luman says, "and say, 'I've spent a lot of my life fighting for liberal causes, for the poor.'"

Disagreeing his steps into his shoes, Luman says, "The type of people I represent are under assault, and they have rights, too." Then, after a doubtful pause, he could point out at the idea that the civil rights of the majority are in jeopardy, and he says, "I'm not happy." "I'm a conservative, white-collar lawyer, and I take satisfaction from that.... I believe in the system. I don't wake up in the morning thinking, 'What act of goodness can I do?' I wake up thinking, 'How can I solve this problem?'"

The corporate lawyer finds

AFTER THE BELLEVILLE TRIAL, where Luman was one of Barry Goldwater's mentors that Judge Bertram Parker "may just have laid beating Mr. Luman must say no," he shook his head. "It's not as experienced, he's younger. You like a lot of people, because it's a window into the jury's mind," speaks inevitably on the popular issue.

When the decision came down last month's time, Luman's writings proved

prophet. Judge Parker wrote a scathing opinion that denied Rifkind's guilt and declared that Rifkind's company must also pay \$7 million in ethical profits, the judge even went out of his way to speak Luman in his class as if under the eye. "A more appropriate analogy is children's literature," Judge Parker wrote, "in the death of the wicked witch in Frank Baum's *Wizard of Oz*. There, the relevant facts and circumstances demonstrated that the wicked witch had seduced and corrupted men and women of the fictional country. Thus, she deserved to be punished."

Luman tries to be tight-lipped about the case, now. "If you think you have grounds for an appeal, you make one, and that's what we're doing." But he is clearly distressed by the irony and force of the opinion—the one case, of seven he has argued since his return from Washington, that he said that doesn't let "Parker, he allows that the defendant's 'bitch' and adds in a barely unguarded moment, "When the court comes down much too hard in a case where the facts are at best ambiguous, you think, 'I must have done something wrong.... I heard a great deal, I blame myself.' You try to figure out what you did wrong." Would he have called that witness? Did I come on too strong?—and then if you can't, you still feel, "There must be something inadequate in me, that I couldn't communicate the facts to the judge."

The corporate lawyer, unbound

HE PERSISTS IN SAYING that Arthur Luman is not a man who thinks about in terms of big parties. Judge Rifkind, making a simple with his fingers, says that Luman is "a relaxed person who accepts his role in the society in which he finds himself." This measured assessment catches the public Luman, his origins his secret delight. It negates the suggestion that he let all arguments the spread more of the time in a scolding trial preparation and more expostulations, lower the courtroom because it is the one arena in which he can satisfy both his dream and his own need for self-expression.

"I relax in the courtroom," Luman says after the Belleville argument, sitting out the questions with his latest eye. "It's a sanctuary from all the detritus of the day, the one hundred phone calls, the dozens of problems. It can remember every word that every witness says, there isn't a gesture that I miss—there's a level of consciousness that you almost can't notice anywhere else."

The doctory smile appears for the first time. "I can't communicate to you, why I relax in the courtroom.... But I hope you there." ☐

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See Reader Service Card after page 140



Profile

Ladies and Gentlemen,

THE NEXT BRANDO

But don't tell Willem Dafoe
we said that

BY MARK KRAM

ALBERT BROOKS HAS IT RIGHT, nothing is as new as the old at Hollywood studios. Go to a studio head, says Brooks, and open up with "I've got the greatest new idea," and he looks up at you and frowns, "Olden it up and come back." New tremors, more than being noticed having the wrong tailor; it's a monster that eats up executive offices. The same insecurity attends the emergence of new actors, the special ones with a lot of living and knowing in their faces and the promise of power and durability. Original won't do (who buys original, how do you sell it?); what's the fix? They reach for the easy mythic connection, the resonant figure of the past: right, another Bogart, another Brando, another James Dean. Or, more recently, the likes of legend in embryo, Newman, Redford, Nicholson. "It's the curse of real talent," Orson Welles once said on a talk show, "this mad, mindless alchemy of images. They should have a sidewalk out there. For the footprints of all the Great Anothers."

Willem Dafoe is listening and nodding as he brusily shoulders a big black case with a tube in it through the narrow streets of Greenwich Village. His eyes seem to poke and feel for the wires that might connect him. These days, all the kinetic words and phrases are being hooked up



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Joan Quigley

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS OF 1988



ATMOSPHERE OF THE YEAR
The Greenhouse Effect



YEAR OF THE YEAR
Jimmy Swaggart



SMILEY OF THE YEAR
George Bush's far laughable side



FEAR OF THE YEAR
President J. Danforth Quayle



BOMBARDER OF THE YEAR
The USS Vincennes



BAM STEEL OF THE YEAR
Al Skaggs

PROFITEUR OF THE YEAR
Wynne Gonsky

Design by Sherry Kevins • Picture Research by Larry Hendley

By

JANUARY 1989 **Rolling Stone**



SO EVERYBODY WENT TO OLIVER'S
Prisoner, New York, hometown of Oliver North, crashed in and out of "Oliver North Day."



AND TO BE DOUBLY SURE, SAY IT THROUGH SARAH WAMP
Claiming that shaking hands might spread AIDS, *Playmate* Sarah Wamp advised her followers to just use another by saying, "Too late!"



SAY "CHEESELINE"
Valencia celebrated an unusual birthday.

WOULD YOU TELL ME, DUTCH, THAT ERIC ESTERHAUSE CALLED? I'M NOT REACHABLE AT THE MOMENT, BUT I'LL GIVE HIM A RING LATER THIS AFTERNOON.
Felix's friends began remarking the Colfax Phone, a late car phone for the stereo-cassette.



GOODSTUCK
Felix Sprague cleared Jimmy Bone in May.

SENSE, THERE'S ONE MAN IN AMERICA READY TO MAKE A COMMITMENT, AND THEY KEEP HIM LOCKED UP.

John W. Shandley Jr. has his chance to leave Washington's in Elizabeth's Hospital on a field trip when the Secret Service found a copy of a letter he sent to obtain a divorce of John F. Kennedy in the state.

WIDESpread SUPPERS
Addressing the National Rifle Association's lunch in New Orleans, Charlton Heston said, "I believe Kennedy were alive, he'd probably be here."



ON JIMMY, YOU KITCH!
Columnist Jimmy Kroll told an interviewer that he hated Lufthansa's play *Blue Bird* because "I thought the play was written by a fascist, it's a play for women for boys." They love big plays.

NOT TONIGHT, DEAR, I HAD A DEAD

Great magazines reported that coffee increases the number of sperm moving and the rate at which they travel.

JEH AND THE ART OF GOODBYE MAINTENANCE

A photograph in the society section of the *Los Angeles Times* showed the caption: "Astronaut Marita and director Ronald Berwick share quiet moments together in front of the camera at his home."

ARE YOU STOMPING WITH ME, JESSE?

Chief Roberts urged followers to "honor the devil's hand" when they walk by wearing jeans on the sides of their shoes.



YES, BUT THEY'LL GO IN A SPIN

Scrying Hollywood's attitudes toward women, Susan Sontag said USA Today, "My horses are overcast."



WHY GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE AND EXPENSE JUST TO LOOK LIKE YOUR DOUGLAS?

Michael Jackson wrote in *Moan* Weekly, "I have never had my cheeks altered to my eyes altered. I have not had my lips altered, nor a skin peel. I have had my nose altered more, and I added a cleft to my chin, but that's it."



BURNING THE GAMBLER AT BOTH ENDS

In a span of eight days, ABC and CBS broadcast TV movies based on the life of Liberace.

AS STONE WONDERS SEED BY, EXTENDING THEM SUSPICIOUSLY

A photograph in the society section of the *Los Angeles Times* showed the caption: "Astronaut Marita and director Ronald Berwick share quiet moments together in front of the camera at his home."

WORST SHOW YOU EVER SAW
USA Today: The Television Show

WORSE SHOW YOU NEVER SAW
The Walter Hunt Report



SHUT UP AND SHOW US YOUR NEW TITS

Exploring his new look on *Larry King Live*, Jessica Hahn said, "I had my nose done. I had my teeth straightened, and my lips are mine."



SHUT UP AND SHOW US YOUR TITS

Samuel Zipp told *People* in a magazine, "My skin can't hold, I go out. If it is, I stay home and play guitar."

OLDEST NEWBORN
Rene Scholberg

CRASH OF THE YEAR

The world's largest steel, five-pounder and a half ounce, was made in a half century, more in South America, died at age 41 in 1991 in Der Moon.

ONE NATION, UNDER GOD, INVARIABLE

A Gallup Poll conducted for the National Geographic Society revealed that nine in seven Americans cannot locate the United States on a map.

Fun Couples



PATTI SCIALFA AND BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



BEN STILLER AND JOSH RIVERS



SLY AND CORBY



PAULA ABDUL AND NANCY REAGAN



GEORGE BUSH AND SAM RATNER



ROD TAYLOR AND FANNY BALL



ALVIN KARPIS AND DICK HILL



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE YEAR
Michael Gwynne Jr.

ONE HILL, ONE IN A BIRTHDAY CASE

John Zaccaro Jr., who spent three months of his four-month sentence for selling cocaine in a \$1,500-a-month luxury apartment in Washington, Virginia, lived his mother, former vice president's son, George Bush. "It's by himself. It doesn't even look like he's a man."

THE ART OF THE DIAL

One week after New York magazine editor Ed Koppel was awarded as a magazine editor in the *Playmate* magazine, New York magazine mentioned Donald Trump's name among other names.



ALVIN KARPIS AND DICK HILL

In *Confessions of an Ex-Spott* magazine, Mary Vickers revealed that when Richard Nixon was in the doctor's office "he used to put the maximum amount of cream on his face and then he'd use the brush to brush it off."

Great magazines reported that coffee increases the number of sperm moving and the rate at which they travel.

Now Let's See If We've Got This Straight....

1. In an interview with Michael Jackson in a semi-annual heavy weight magazine, he said: "I am a gay man."



2. In an interview with Richard Nixon, Nixon said: "I am a gay man."

3. In an interview with Richard Nixon, Nixon said: "I am a gay man."

4. In an interview with Richard Nixon, Nixon said: "I am a gay man."

5. In an interview with Richard Nixon, Nixon said: "I am a gay man."

6. In an interview with Richard Nixon, Nixon said: "I am a gay man."

HE WAS SEEMING OUT ONES FOR BILLY ALI ALONE, BUT TRAGICALLY, HE ONE HEARD HIM

During a June appearance on ABC's *Nightline*, George Bush repeatedly called Ted Koppel "Dad."

In a May interview, George Bush boasted that he would have his Democratic opponents "beating for cover like a bunch of quail." Reasoning critics who claimed he had failed to deliver himself to the public, George Bush said, "Watch my neo-conservative dream. This will tell all."



GREAT MINDS' THIN ALINE



TENS OF A GRATEFUL NATION

SOME PEOPLE JUST CAN'T SAY NO

Time magazine revealed that Nancy Reagan failed to report her growing millions of dollars worth of jewelry and designer clothing.

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, BUDDER 'EM

Addressing a Republican luncheon in St. George, Utah, Sen. Orrin Hatch called the Democratic party "the party of homosexuals."



OH SHUT UP Bill Clinton



WE DIDN'T SERVE WITH JACK KENNEDY. WE DIDN'T KNOW JACK KENNEDY. JACK KENNEDY WASN'T A FRIEND OF BURELL FELLAS. YOU'RE NO JACK KENNEDY.

COMEBACK OF THE YEAR The Pledge of Allegiance

FASCINATING, HANCE, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY BIRD EYES OF YOURS, WOULD YOU?

To help her in winning her upcoming memoirs, Nancy Reagan hired William Novak, author of *High Caliber: Mayhem in the White House*, in which he wrote, "For me, mayhem has been an occasional" sentiment.

HANCE AND BIRD CRACKET IN A RELATED MOMENT



BUT A GREAT DAY FOR ANDY OF WHISKERY

According to the book *Landshark*, Reagan aides considered introducing the 12th Amendment to remove him from office during the early-crisis affair. "They said he wouldn't come over to work—all he wanted to do was to watch news and television."



THANKWELL, O GREAT COMMUNICATOR! In his speech to the Republican convention, President Reagan requested John Adams and said, "Facts are stupid things!" Speaking at the White House celebration of the Statue of Liberty, he stated his wish to "point toward the Capitol Hill." "We just can't let the Gipper."

GEORGE, THAT DREAM CAN COME TRUE...

At or seven years of participating in an address after that reduced funding to the Department of Education by \$2.2 billion, Vice President George Bush announced, "I want to be the Education President."



...HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO: AT 4:00 A.M., REPORT TO YOUR HOMEWORK FOR REMEDIAL ENGLISH...

Dismissing himself from the high campaign, when he resigned in the face of charges that he engaged in sex between activities, George Bush declared, "I hope I stand for antipathy, anti-bureaucracy, anti-unionism. That is when I leave."

...THEN THOUGHT OF TO REMEDIAL HISTORY...

Addressing the American Legion in Louisville, Kentucky, on September 7, George Bush declared, "Today is Pearl Harbor Day. Forty-seven years ago to this very day, we were hit and hit hard as Pearl Harbor."

...THEN A BREAK FOR REMEDIAL READING...

Campaigning in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, George Bush pulled a Jack Kemp eye from the lens of a teenage girl, ripped it into three parts, and declared, "Just."



...TO BE FOLLOWED BY REMEDIAL SOCIOLOGY...

Campaigning in a Howard drug clinic, George Bush asked patients, "Did you come here and say, 'The book with it, I don't need the drug?' Did you go through a whole withdrawal thing?"

A Quiz Even Dan Quayle Might Pass

1. How was Dan Quayle represented by the layout of his desk?

- a. "Nothing came out of his mouth that was worth remembering."
- b. "Dan Quayle was a really single mother's student."
- c. "He was a vapid a student as I can ever recall."
- d. All of the above.



2. What book did Marilyn Quayle say Dan Quayle was to read every summer?

- a. *Yankee Doodle*
- b. *Man Who Hate Women and the Woman Who Love Them*
- c. *Stimmen* Sam David
- d. *Plaza's Keyhole*



3. How did Dan Quayle attempt to reassure the American public that he would really be okay if he became President?

- a. He said that by then he would know the Cabinet members personally.
- b. He said he'd been to Geneva "many times."
- c. He mentioned that he had authored a piece of legislation.
- d. All of the above.



4. Complete George Bush's defense of Dan Quayle: "He did not go to Canada, he did not back his draft card, and he doesn't care didn't..."

- a. get the message on Paula Paterson!
- b. pay someone to take his hair to his hair constantly!
- c. from the American flag!
- d. from the American flag!

ANSWERS 1. C 2. B 3. D 4. D

From All of Us, in Whatever Part of You Is Still Working,

Thanks for the Memories

AND IN BLOCK LETTERS

A script dictated by Sam Donaldson revealed that even the most casual comments by President Reagan ("Dad, what are you thinking?") are written in stone.

WHICH'S FRIEND SAID IT WAS A BAD TRAVEL DAY

Donald Reagan revealed that when it is broke out in the study where President Reagan was working, "the continued reading, small guards asked if he would like to move while they put out the fire. He said he would not but he would not let her anybody."



THANKWELL, O GREAT COMMUNICATOR!

In his speech to the Republican convention, President Reagan requested John Adams and said, "Facts are stupid things!" Speaking at the White House celebration of the Statue of Liberty, he stated his wish to "point toward the Capitol Hill." "We just can't let the Gipper."



...AND AFTER THAT IT'S HOME FOR A HAND-EARNED REMEDIAL LUNCH (TODAY IT'S TRAPED)

Asked by USA Today if the public's perception of him was at odds with reality, George Bush said, "Much different. For example, I like parks more, but that doesn't fit the world."

MIDWINTER GRACIAS, SENIOR PRESIDENTE DE EDUCACION

Introducing President Reagan to a hundred half-brothers and half-sisters in New Orleans, George Bush referred to them as "the little brown ones over there."



OWN, CROSS!

Campaigning in New York, Idaho, George Bush boasted that he and President Reagan "have had breakfast, we have made mistakes, we have had sex."

YET, DESPITE THIS COURTEOUS GESTURE, SHE REMAINS BETTER ABOUT THE SEX WITH REAGAN

During an interview with CBS News, George Bush pointed his wife Barbara's backside.



HE SHALL BE WISHED

AND IF THEY'D ROLL AWAY THE STONES YOU COULD HEAR IT

Religious broadcasters turned presidential candidates Pat Robertson announced that "there might be [sexual] impropriety in the case" in Cuba.

TWO PROPER SCOOPERS AND A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES IV

Roger Ailes and John Sarno



WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?

Gary Hart withdrew from the 1988 presidential race for the second time in his career.

Welcome to Fun City!

Where life was a beach, the plasma rolled in, and you couldn't hear the gasping for the singing. So just follow the bouncing mayor...

START SPREADING THE NEWS...
During the course of a single week in May, one New York teacher was nudged in a school bathroom, another had an ill-debited rape bar classroom, a third was snubbed, and a fourth was beaten with a baseball bat.

WE'RE LEAVING TODAY...
The ugly, over-size old Mid-borough bridge was closed for three months of repairs.

WE'LL MAKE A SOUND WHEN START OF IT...
Asked whom he would like to come back as a future governor, Mayor Ed Koch said, "I want to come back to me."

NEW YORK, NEW YORK...
Movie theaters began charging a seven dollar admission.

THESE PROBLEMS WITH BOOZE...
Explaining the fiery attack upon him of his left ear that Times police and he walked while being escorted from a topless bar, former Yankee manager Billy Martin claimed that he had been assaulted by two strippers in the men's room.

AND THANKS WHO DRY...
George Steinbrenner installed his team in the press at midtown noon, calling Don Mattingly "the most unproductive you ever in baseball."

AND THOSE WHIPLES HAVE NO PART OF IT...
Richard Nixon moved his office from New York to New Jersey.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK...
Yankees coachmen denied a federal court order to enforce a public housing plan that would bring blacks into a predominantly white neighborhood.

WE WANT A SHAPE-UP...
Twenty eight New York Department of Transportation workers who had been eating thousands of dollars from overtime were by threatening to close them.

IN A CITY THAT'S FULL OF CREEPS...
Donald Trump bought the Plaza hotel for \$100 million, Adam Karshoff's estate for \$50 million, and the Empire State for \$60 million.

WHERE THEY'VE GOT OCEANS OF SWELL...
Local beaches were closed to the public after springs, pesticides, and AIDS-related blood contamination, and sea sewage washed up on the shores.

COPS WHO HAVE FUN...
Attempting to enforce a law against a cartoon in Times Square Park, 450 police officers and one N.Y.C. dog cop chased a 13-year-old boy, leaving 95 and prompting 115 complaints of police brutality.

HORSES THAT HELP!
Ed Koch suggested that carriage drivers were barriers to each other's success.

THESE WANDERING JEWS...
On a visit to Northern Ireland, Ed Koch asserted that he no longer sees the British as "an occupying force" there.

HAVE STRANGE THINGS TODAY...
In Amsterdam, Ed Koch encountered Dutch officials for closing the open sale of marijuana and hashish. "They could not take place in New York," he said.



AND GET RIGHT TO THE HEART OF IT...

Ed Koch introduced a railway campaign to discourage racism from giving money to push-diers and homeless people. Said Koch: "If you feel guilty, sit a piece."

NEW YORK, NEW YORK!

Real estate tycoon Leon and Jerry Hefner were charged with sex abuse cases of an evasion and falsifying business records.

IF YOU CAN TAKE IT THERE...
 Citing the names of several well-known guests who had not at last attended the party, New York society columnist Gary reported on an opening at the Metropolitan Museum that had taken place while she was vacationing in Moscow.

YOU'LL TAKE IT ANYWHERE...
 After seven months, the grand jury investigating the alleged abduction and rape of Tamara Bravley determined that Bravley and her advisers—Rev. Al Sharpton, C. Vernon Mason, and Alton Maddox Jr.—had perpetrated a hoax.

IT'S UP TO YOU, NEW YORK, NEW...FEEL!
 Hearing the end of his third term in office, Mayor Ed Koch announced that he is "110 percent sure" that he will run for reelection.

Illustration by Leo Bock



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ONE GOOD REASON TO GO ON LIVING
Ted Turner announced plans to produce a film biography of Donald Trump.



WHO SAYS NEGROPHILIA DOESN'T PAY?
Arsenio Scott roped up Hollins and Nipsey Hollins.



ALL RIGHT NOW, MR. GREEN: CLOSE THE OTHER EYE AND READ THE THIRD LINE FROM THE BOTTOM.

In a six-week period, Isaac Mirch "Blood" Green was involved in a fight, was hospitalized in a Harlem clothing store with Mike Tyson, was released by a judge, was arrested for allegedly beating up his girlfriend, and after causing his Lincoln Continental into a parked car, had his license suspended for the 404-fourth time.



WHEN BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO GOOD FASCISTS

BUT WHY'S CONTRAST?
The Baltimore Orioles set an American League record by losing their first twenty-one games.



HELL NO, WE STILL WON'T GO!
Club Med announced a plan to locate a resort in Vietnam.



ESQUIRE'S ANNUAL KLEPTOMANIA BEAUTY QUEEN REVEALED

Former Miss America and New York City cultural affairs commissioner Ima Myerson pleaded guilty to shoplifting \$44.97 worth of merchandise from a South Williamsport, Pennsylvania, department store.

Miss Minnesota-USA, Sue Bolch, "gave up" her title after being arrested for shoplifting \$334 worth of clothes.

Ten days after the resignation of Miss Minnesota-USA, her replacement, Julie Starnick, also left the contest after it was revealed that she had been convicted of shoplifting in 1984.



ESQUIRE OF THE YEAR
Yellowstone National Park.

WHEE! YOUR BUTCHER, WHAT'S YOUR MURDER?

Richard Goodwin wrote that Lyndon Johnson suffered a period of "general deterioration."

Larry Spokes wrote that he had made up quotes for Reagan because the President "just almost nothing to say."

Donald Regan revealed that White House scheduling had been influenced by the advice of Nancy Reagan's astrologer.



THE NEXT AVAILABLE COACHING JOB AT A MAJOR CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION TO:

Bobby Knight, who, on an NBC special on crime, said, "I think that if rape is inevitable, rape and enjoy it."

WHAT KIND OF MAN LEAVES ESQUIRE?

The jacket copy for Gordon Loh's new book, which read in part, "This reader will go away from these pages with a new view of the future of our country, for we will see reader not know why it is that Gordon Loh has so powerfully and suddenly entered the literary history of this century," was written by Gordon Loh.



MR. VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT, WHAT LEVEL'S NEW FURNITURE?
The Las Vegas Desert Golf and Tennis center has a golf ball chair and a golf bag bag.



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ARETHA

THE FIRST TIME I HEARD "RESPECT," I WAS working as a porter at the Port Authority Bus Terminal. The sound exploded. I dropped the Ohio man's valise. Like: Where did that sound from? From a deep place, an undisturbed place. Who knew of such realism, walking around alone—me, shy, prisoner of class, race? Aretha broke through all that, saw inside you "feel real."

Is there anyone who has ever gotten tired of "Respect"? Aretha no way. Years ago, before Newark, before King got shot, there was something in Aretha's voice that said hope really was alive, that anything was possible. Now, in much less expensive times, Aretha remains a constant, a lodestone. The mere existence of a voice like hers is a revelation, an affirmation, proof of life beyond the everyday. There are other singers—Billie Holiday, Bobbie Johnson, Hank "Wild Women"—whom I can't even bear to listen to anymore, the pain in their voices is just too intense. Aretha gives you that kind of pain, but she shouts it full of joy. It's the joy, the awe—awe with the Eternal—that keeps you in there. It's delicious to have her soar through the dream machines and the samplers on today's radio dial, a lot of "feeling real" through the cyberspace.

Once, I saw her sleeping. She was in a bus, outside the Apollo Theatre in Harlem, in the early '70s. She'd just performed in some kind of sound-off jampona, the centerpiece of a production number involving a troupe of dancers purporting to be famous nymphs, a singularly surreal counterpart to "Do Right Woman—Do Right Man." It must have tired her out, because there she was, slumped against the frosted window. Someone rapped on it. She opened her eyes. She has very large, dreamy, God-watching eyes. She looked around, vague, unfocused, gave a half smile. Then she knocked off a false eyelash and went back to sleep.

—Mark Jacobson



Telote

The MAN in the PERFECT CHAIR



By
PHIL PATTON

ONE DAY NOT LONG AGO, returning with friends from a dinner in Sausalito, John Hutton passed over the Golden Gate Bridge and back into San Francisco. Through the car window he caught sight of a dingy secondhand shop and in front of it, a small side chair. With just a little embarrassment, he made his friends stop. He bought the chair for \$5.50 and shipped it home to New York. Hutton is like that about chairs.

"I always have a chair in my head," he says. His only restriction, now that he's design director for Douglas Furniture, is that he has to carry each chair around for too long. It bothers him that the demands of a multimillion-dollar business often mean he has to wait before he can get to the drawing board, where he is happier than anywhere else.

Chairs for Hutton are cars and buildings, sculpture and architecture. His aspirations include early 1930s Jags or the MG-T he owned, even the '73 Oldsmobile convertible he keeps at his weekend house.

"All chairs," says Hutton, "have a sex. They are always either masculine or feminine." And for Hutton, chairs move: they are stable in line and mood. His chairs lead dynamos to a room. Chairs for Hutton are everything.

For
John Hutton,
sitting
is something
of an
obsession





Current parts are too hard but cut from chunks of solid maple with a hand saw.



At the shop next door, the frames are quite whittling and springs and padding.



The chair must wear its covering like you would wear a suit, Horton says.

It is a not-recommendable social accomplishment to provide a comfortable chair. How many chair designers have not only failed to do it, but failed even to attempt it?

"Your shoulders should not hang in a good chair," says Horton, leaning his own slumped. "Your weight should not sit off your crotch. There should be support everywhere, even for the arms."

The Luciano Club Chair, his most recent

Phil Patton, who writes the *Living Quarters* column in *Men At The Edge*, is working on a book about American design.

The chairs are the seating equivalent of four-wheel independent suspension.

creation, sits now in a corner of his dining studio. It was inspired by a Venetian chair from his collection, but took several trips to Venice and nearby Vicenza, the home town of Palladio.

"The chair," he says, "tunes up the essence of all I have learned about Venice."

The Luciano is a descendant of the eighteenth-century designs for gondolas—a French chair inspired by a gondola. From a wicker, low seat it unfolds, sways that ensue in accordance to a sweeping back. The seat at the top is an exceptional response to an opposite curve in the base. It is fluid, but it is surely not fit for a dog in the annual procession down the Grand Canal.

No doubt, this chair is made. It has a wide stance and is so subtly grounded as a wicker on grass. There is a forward push to the arms that is almost irresistible. You could sit for hours in this chair.

The fabric covering this model of the Luciano bears a pattern of part and charcoal waves that Horton also designed. Its rock concrete, the chair seems almost seamless. The curves of the fabric play off against the curves of the chair itself. You can feel the air and water—the fast, swirling clouds over the lagoons and the green-black waves of the Adriatic—swaying their flags admiringly over the form.

Doughlas is a very aptly named company, but Horton's studio is downtown, on Broadway at the edge of SoHo. Here, amid the blizzards of chairs he has designed—a new marketable design based on an ancient Greek model adorns the walls—he draws.

The five essential sketches, their lines solidified with shading sweeps of graphite, become measured drawings. Only when he has gotten the curve right by eye does he look among his set of French curves for the right ones to solidify the new curves into working drawings. His blueprints are then sent to the frames, a master carpenter up in Garrettsville, New York, who constructs the skeleton of the chair. "Framer" has the

right orientation: there is something counter-intuitive about these views, solid, corner-lined treasures of well-used maple.

The frames arrive at the shop next door to Horton's studio to require webbing and springs and padding. Stranding in this workshop, you think of the sort of place where they work on 800-pound sports cars—of Lambert and Ferraris with derisive, gaudy bodies pulled to allow just work. It is an impression strengthened by the red hoses trailing from the ceiling pneumatic staplers, power tools. This is a body shop.

A man with a moonache like Pincho Villa is weaving means among the individual black springs of a chair seat.

"This is the secret of our furniture," Horton says.

Springs, like people, are numbered for their hardness. The middle of a seat may contain weaker ones; the edges, stronger number threes. Less expensive chairs use bands of connected springs, any weight placed on them ends to a single point. The system in Horton's chair spreads the weight. It is the seating equivalent of four-wheel independent suspension.

One chair is being dressed. Down its frame runs a nature of chalk and T-headed pins like a tailor's. The chair must wear its covering as you would wear a suit, Horton says. It is a lesson he learned from Angelo Doughlas, who showed Horton how some manufacturers use the fabric to hold their upholstery in place, like a coat.

The finished chairs must be used, just as cars full of test dummies are crashed into walls. In New Jersey there is a machine that will thousands of times on each of Horton's prototypes. It allows him, sitting at his drafting table, checking about that seat chair, not just because he knows the chair can stand it, but because to take the machine as measuring an education mechanical setting and settling weight, Horton is lightly deploying the salt-loaded kiss of his seat chair, slowly in his hand. ■





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Passions



NEW HOPE FOR THE BREAD

Recipes and food styling by Amy Nathan



NEVER 3, 2, 1, 100, 100—that's how many tuna fish sandwiches Americans ate last year—give or take a few. Now, we could tell you that that many sandwiches will stack up almost halfway to the moon (if you use white bread), or that it works out to something like sixteen sandwiches for every man, woman, and child. Either way, it's a heck of a lot of Starbursts. ♣ We say the time has come for a new sandwich aesthetic. An aesthetic based on creativity and doing. We're ready to do our part, and the Super Bowl seems like a fine time to do it. On the following pages are harbingers of the postmodern sandwich. Some are merely progressive—tenderloin and sundried tomatoes on a roll, others are revolutionary. Whoever told you a sandwich needed bread? ♣ So this year, when you round up the gang for the big game, just tell them that you'll supply the beer if they bring the arugula.



DAVID H. ALLEN

JANUARY 1998 *Esquire*



Carrot Sandwich

Sardine and Arugula Sandwich

Eggplant Sandwich

Open-faced Polenta Sandwich with
Mozzarella and Mushrooms

NEW HOPE FOR THE BREAD

RECIPES

Beef Tenderloin Sandwich

For four sandwiches:

- 4 beef, onion, or Kaiser rolls
- 1 French Onion Dressing
- 1 beef tenderloin, roasted, chilled, and thinly sliced (recipe follows)
- 1 medium onion, thinly sliced and sautéed
- 1 breadfruit-sized potato, lightly seasoned in olive oil
- 16 large leaf lettuce, cut into strips
- 16 semi-dried tomatoes, drained and cut into strips

Slice the rolls and spread with the dressing. Set the rolls aside. Top the base of the roll with the sliced onion, beef, sautéed onion, bread, and semi-dried tomatoes. Replace the roll tops, cut in half, and serve.

Beef Tenderloin

- 4½ pounds whole beef tenderloin, fat removed
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 wine fresh rosemary or 1 tablespoon dried
- Olive oil for frying

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Rub the meat in at room temperature. Rub it with the split garlic cloves and rosemary. In a large skillet brown on all sides in olive oil. Transfer to a shallow roasting pan. Roast approximately twenty minutes for rare, or until it reaches the desired doneness (140 degrees on a meat thermometer for rare).

Remove the meat from the oven and let stand for twenty minutes away from the heat. Wrap tightly in foil and chill thoroughly. Soak the flour sandwiches and bring to room temperature before serving. Enough for two to eight sandwiches.

Open-faced Polenta Sandwich with Mozzarella and Mushrooms

For four sandwiches:

- 1 cup water
- 1½ cups polenta commercial
- Olive oil for frying
- 1 tablespoon unsalted butter
- 16 pound mushrooms, thinly sliced
- 4 or 5 sprigs fresh mushrooms, leaves chopped
- 4 ounces mozzarella cheese, sliced
- 4 plum tomatoes, chopped
- Marijuana sprigs for garnish

Prepare the polenta in advance. In a large sautépan, bring the water to a boil. Add the salt. Add the polenta very slowly, stirring continuously with a wooden spoon. Reduce the heat to low and simmer, stirring, until the polenta is thick and smooth (about twenty minutes for regular polenta, five minutes for instant or precooked). Pour into a lightly oiled eight-inch square pan. Cool thoroughly until firm.

Turn the firm polenta onto a cutting surface and cut into four squares. Fry in olive oil in a large skillet until the squares begin to brown. Transfer to a baking sheet and hold each piece with a slice of mozzarella. Push in a warm place.

Melt the butter in the skillet and sauté the mushrooms until tender. Sprinkle the chopped mushrooms and cook an additional minute. Place the mushrooms over the cheese, top with smaller slice of mozzarella. Bake in a preheated 350 degree oven for five minutes, until the cheese begins to melt. Top each square with some of the chopped tomato, garnish with herb sprigs, and serve immediately.

Casser Sandwich

For four sandwiches:

- 1 recipe Casser Dressing (recipe follows)
- 4 French rolls
- 1 clove garlic
- Olive oil
- 1 large head lettuce, outer leaves removed
- 1 smoked chicken breast fillet, skin removed and meat torn into large shreds

Prepare the dressing; set aside.

Split the rolls and hollow out some of the bread. Rub with the split garlic cloves, brush with a little olive oil, and toast very lightly in the oven.

Cut the lettuce leaves into one-inch crosswise strips. Toss with the Casser Dressing. Fill the roll halves with lettuce. Top each with some of the shredded chicken. Replace the tops and serve.

Casser Dressing

- 1 large garlic clove, finely minced
- 3 anchovy fillets, finely minced
- juice of 1 fresh lemon (approximately ½ cup)
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 tablespoon ground Parmesan cheese (optional)

Whisk all of the ingredients together and mix with the lettuce.

Eggplant Sandwich

For four sandwiches:

- 1 large eggplant
- Salt
- 1 and pepper, roasted, skin removed, and cut into strips (available packaged in jars in specialty markets)
- 8 slices provolone
- 1 egg, beaten
- ½ cup cornmeal
- ½ cup bread crumbs
- Olive oil
- Red pepper strips for garnish (optional)

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. To prepare the eggplant cut it into eight rounds, approximately one-half inch thick. If the seeds are barely visible you can omit the next step. Otherwise, salt the slices liberally, then stack and weight them in a colander. Let stand one hour, then strip the skins of salt and soak.

Top half of the slices with a slice of cheese, some of the pepper strips, and another slice of cheese. Place the remaining eggplant slices on top.

Combine the cornmeal and bread crumbs in a mixing bowl. Carefully dip the sandwiches in the beaten egg, dredge in the cornmeal mixture, and place on a baking sheet. Brush with olive oil on both sides. Bake at 350 degrees for thirty minutes, turning once. Cool, slice in half, and serve warm or at room temperature. Great to prepare ahead.

Sardine and Anchovy Sandwich

For four sandwiches:

- 1 handloaf anchovy
- 1 tablespoon walnut or olive oil
- 8 slices Jewish rye bread
- 1 very good quality water-packed sardines, drained
- 1 hard-boiled egg yolk, chopped

Toss the anchovy with the oil and place it on four slices of bread. Arrange the sardines over the anchovy, then sprinkle with the chopped egg yolk. Top with the remaining bread and serve.

Water If you are in a hurry, or purchase oil-packed sardines, omit the first step and use "anchovy" anchovy.

AUTO SHOWCASE

CHEVROLET BERETTA GT

The Beretta's 2.8 Liter multi-port fuel-injected V6, Getting (tested to speed) (0-60 in 5.3 sec.) special sport suspension (with coil-overs) may stabilize low and specific spring rates. Eagle GT—4 all-season wheels, 16 inch styled wheels. New 3-year/50,000 mile bumper to bumper Plus Warranty. All in all, Chevrolet Beretta GT is an elegant way to straighten a curve.



CHEVROLET CAVALIER Z24

A uniquely affordable combo of muscle, style, and performance. Sleek styling, cow-hood-to-tailor hood, black grille, black dual sport mirrors, and ground effects. Available in coupe or convertible. Z24 boasts gas-charged (1600 cc) shocks with responsive speed sport suspension. Powered by a 2.6 Liter V6 with multi-port fuel injection and 5-speed manual transmission (0-60 in 8.6 sec.). New 3-year/50,000 mile bumper to bumper Plus Warranty.



CHEVROLET CORVETTE CONVERTIBLE

The legend continues to evolve. High performance hardware abounds. 5.7 Liter V8 with 275 (240 horsepower @ 4600 rpm) and new 5-speed manual transmission (0-60 in 5.4 sec. (0-60)). Corvette Coupe offers available Z31 Handling Package (191 C on chassis) includes innovative new driver-adjustable suspension. Standard Rock ABS II anti-lock braking system. New 3-year/50,000 mile bumper to bumper Plus Warranty.



CHEVROLET S-10 BLAZER

The Chevrolet S-10 Blazer is America's most popular sport utility vehicle. A compact, understating, strikingly stylish truck with available seating for up to four, it's available as either a 2WD model or rugged off-road 4x4 vehicle. Blazer also offers optional power up to 4.3 Liter V6 for strong performance at low towing velocity.



CHEVROLET CAMARO IROC-2 CONVERTIBLE

Subtle, it isn't. The IROC-2 makes a striking impression with a 5.0 Liter V-6 with 181 and 5-speed manual overdrive (0-60 in 5.4 sec.), high performance tuned sport suspension, Eagle GT wheels with new 15 inch cast aluminum wheels. New Theft Deterrence Feature "PASS KEY" (Personal Automotive Security System) has worked wonders in discouraging Corvette thefts. New 3-year/50,000 mile bumper to bumper Plus Warranty **



DOODGE SPIRIT ES

The Spirit ES is an all-new driver's sedan from Dodge. It's equipped with a new standard 2.5L fuel-injected turbo, 5 speed short-throw gearbox, quick ratio power steering, sport suspension, and ground effects styling. A fuel-injected V-6 and a new electronic 4-speed Ultradrive automatic are optional.



HONDA ACCORD SEI 4-DOOR SEDAN

It's appearing for a limited engagement. The special edition Accord SEI 4-Door Sedan. With a long list of standard luxury features, such as elegant leather and an exclusively designed Honda-BOSE music system that makes every drive a musical experience, the Accord SEI is one performance that shouldn't be missed.



HONDA PRELUDE SI WITH 4WS OPTION PACKAGE

The body is sleek and aerodynamic, but the Prelude Si with the 4-wheel steering package will turn more than just your head. With ABS, an even higher level of handling performance is achieved. Because the rear wheels turn in addition to the front wheels, there's more control and stability for different driving conditions.



ISUZU TROOPER

The Isuzu Trooper continues to be a hot selling 4x4 in the popular sport utility segment. The versatile 4-door Trooper is available in a variety of models to match every lifestyle and budget. A sporty new 2-door "RS" model will appeal to the younger set. And a new V-6 also is available for '88.



MERCURY COUGAR

The completely different Mercury Cougar offers much more than a sleek, new exterior. It has a longer wheelbase for a more comfortable ride. And a wider stance for enhanced control. For more information on the new Mercury Cougar, see the 3-page advertisement beginning on page 18 of this publication.



JEOP' CHEROKEE LIMITED

Jeep style. That's Cherokee Limited, available with exclusive four-wheel anti-lock brakes for confident steering while stopping. Plus, the most powerful engine in its class with 177 horsepower inside, room for 5, lots of leather, and power everything. And for 1989, Cherokee Limited comes with Chrysler's 7/70 Protection Plan. Only in a Jeep.



MAZDA MX-6 GT

Its turbocharged, intercooled, 2.5-liter, 145-horsepower engine delivers spectacular acceleration—from 0-60 in just 2.4 seconds. And no sports coupe in its class has more interior room than the MX-6 GT. Plus it's all backed by the Mazda "bumper-to-bumper" warranty* for 36 months or 50,000 miles.

A sports coupe, The Mazda Way.

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The 1989 Cutlass Supreme is the product of five years of engineering and design and over a million miles of testing.

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SAAB 9000 CD

Introducing the Saab 9000 CD. The most intelligent luxury car ever built.

The new Saab 9000 CD is a car of refinement, comfort, and elegant appearance. This makes it a luxury car. It's safe, fast, and practical. This makes it a Saab. And it offers more for your money than you may expect in its class. That makes it brilliant.

TOYOTA CELICA GT-5

With dramatic styling and impressive performance, the 1989 Toyota Celica GT-5 provides an exciting combination of driving form and function.

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 Who could ask for anything more!



VOLVO 740 TURBO

Styled by Bertone, the new Volvo 740 Turbo's elegant lines and luxurious appointments are combined with a lively 175 hp intercooled turbo-charged engine and multilink independent rear suspension. At home cruising on a highway, or negotiating a twisting alpine road, the 740's handling and performance are those of a sophisticated European touring car.



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THE STUNT PILOT

For years he thrilled audiences with his daredevil maneuvers. Then one day he ran out of sky

By ANNIE DILLARD

Illustration by Tomo Nito

DAVE RAHM LIVED IN Belltown, Washington, north of Seattle. Belltown, a harbor town, lies between the alpine North Cascade Mountains and the San Juan Islands in Puget Sound. The landscape is that of Newfoundland. Dave Rahm was a stunt pilot, the sort of man

reversed twilight into astronomical night. Your life split open like the day. You tossed your dark winter raincoat, thought up real projects, and improved everything from boat to boat. Being a stunt pilot seemed the most reasonable thing in the world; you could wear your arms in the world day and all night, and sleep your winter.

I saw from the ground on many pilots; the air show scheduled them one after the other, for an hour of aerobatics. Each pilot took up his or her plane and performed a batch of tricks. They were precise and impressive. They flew upside down, and righted out; they did barrel rolls, and so captured our, they drilled through darts and spins, and landed gently on a far runway.

For the end of the day, separated from all other performances of every sort, the air show had scheduled a program called "Dave Rahm." The trailer said he had flown for King Hussein in Jordan. A call came in the crowd told me King Hussein had seen Rahm fly on a visit to North America; he had invited him to Jordan to perform at ceremonies. Hussein was a pilot, too. "Hussein thought he was the greatest thing in the world," Rahm was also a geologist who taught at Western Washington University.

In 1975, with a newcomer's willingness to try anything once, I attended the Belltown Air Fair. The Belltown airport was a wide clearing in a forest of tall Douglas firs; its runways seemed small planes. It was June. It wasn't even raining; the air was cold and dry. People wearing blue or tan tattered jackets stood loosely in the overcast walkways and runways outside the coffee shop. At that latitude in June, you stayed outside because you could, even most of the night, if you could think up something to do. The sky did not darken until 19:00 or so, and it never got very dark, in that astronomical sense; the sun never dropped sufficient degrees of arc below the horizon to take you from astro-

Annie Dillard recently finished a new book, *The Writing Life*. She won the Pulitzer Prize for *Nigella* at Tinker Creek.

Fashion

SOFT FOCUS

The soft contours of washed silks have created a platonic form of sportswear: fluid, comfortable, never flashy—and worn here by actor Stéphane Ferrara, the 1983 French middleweight boxing champion

*Cream, short-sleeved
short and gray
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by Marnade*

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jacket, crease cusp skirt,
and petrole' blue
silk-and-cotton trousers by
Matsuda

Hat by Kenzo.





Brouse still wears
jackets, gold shirts, and trousers
by Bynlee.

Navy all
raincoat by Massimo
Ostosi.



THE LIVES OF THE DEAD

If you knew the right words, you could talk to the dead

By TIM O'BRIEN

Illustration by Jeffrey Smith

BUT THERE, TOO, a few stories can save us. I'm forty-one years old, and a writer now, and even still, right here, I keep dreaming Linda alive. And Ted Lavender too, and Kiowa, and Curt Lemon, and an old man sprawled beside a pigeon, and several others whose bodies I once lifted and dumped into a truck. They're all dead. But in a story, which is a kind of dreaming, the dead sometimes smile and sit up and return to the world.

Start here—a body without a name. On an afternoon in a 1940s pig plantation sock puppet film from a little fishy village along the South China Sea. It lasted for only a minute or two, and nobody was hurt, but even so, Lieutenant Jimmy Cross got on the radio and ordered up an air order. For the next half hour we watched the plane burn. It was a cool bright morning, like an early autumn, and the jets were glassy black against the sky. When the smoke cleared, we formed into a loose line and swept east through the village. It was all wreckage. I remember the smell of burnt straw, I remember broken benches and torn-up trees and heaps of stone and brick and pottery. The place was deserted—no people, no animals—and the only confirmed kill was an old man who lay facing over a pigeon at the corner of the village. His right arm was gone. At his feet there were already many flies and grubs.

Tim O'Brien is working on a new novel at his home in Bedford, Massachusetts.

Dave Jensen went over and shook the old man's hand. "How die-doo," he said. One by one the others did it, too. They didn't disturb the body, they just grabbed the old man's hand and offered a few words and moved away.

Karl Kilgus bent over the corpse. "Gonna live," he said. "A real honor." "Pleased as punch," said Henry Dobbs.

I was brand-new to the war. It was my fourth day. I hadn't developed a sense of humor. Right away, as if I'd swallowed something, I felt a moist unknown rise up in my throat. I sat down by the pigeon, closed my eyes, put my hand between my knees. About a minute Dave Jensen touched my shoulder.

"Be polite now," he said. "Go introduce yourself. Nothing to be afraid about, just a nice old man. Show a little respect for your elders."

"No way."

"Maybe it's too real for you?"

"That's right," I said. "Way too real."

Jensen kept after me, but I didn't go near the body. I didn't even look at it except by accident. For the rest of the day there was still that sickness inside me, but it wasn't the old man's corpse so much, it was that someone was getting the dead. At one point, I remember, they set the body up against a fence. They crossed his legs and talked to him. "The guest of honor," Mitchell Sanders said, and he placed a pair of orange shoes in the old man's lap. "Viva non C," he said gently. "A guy's health, that's the most important thing."



happening between us. Why? she was saying, and I was saying, Jane, stop.

LATER on, she cried for a while. The teacher helped her put the cap back on, then we finished the spelling test and did some finger painting, and after school that day Nick Vermeto and I watched her home.

IT'S NOW 1981. The forty-one years old, which would've seemed impossible to a fourth grader, and yet when I look at photographs of myself as I was in 1946, I realize that in the important ways I haven't changed at all. I was Timmy then, now I'm Tim. But the evidence between the times I'm not fooled by the huggy pants or the cars or the hair-cream—I know my own eyes—and there is no doubt that the Timmy and the Tim are the same. Tim I am now, inside the body, or beyond the body, there is something absolute and unchanging. The human life is all one thing, like a blade running straight on a little bit, a penny, or those poor old, infirmity arguments, a middle-aged woman knowing pain and sorrow.

And as a writer now, I want to save Linda's life. Not her body—her life. She died, of course. Nine years old and she died. It was a dark winter. She lay through the summer and into the first part of September, and then she was dead.

But in a story I can send her soul. I can revive, at least briefly, that which is absolute, unchanging. It's not the surface that matters, it's the identity lying inside. In a story, miracles can happen. Linda can sail and sit up. She can reach out, touch my wrist, and say, "Timmy, stop crying."

I needed that lead of miracle. At one point I had come to understand that Linda was sick, maybe even dying, but I loved her and just couldn't accept it. In the middle of the summer, I remember, my mother tried to send me to see a few brain tumors. Please and then, she said, had things not growing inside us. Sometimes you can cut these out and other times you can't, and for Linda it was one of the times when you can't.

I thought about it for several days. "All right," I finally said. "So will she get better?"

"Well, yes," my mother said. "I don't think so." She raised at a spot behind my shoulder. "Sometimes people don't even get

better. They die sometimes."

I shook my head.

"Not today," I said.

But on a September afternoon, during noon recess, Nick Vermeto came up to me on the school playground. "Your girlfriend," he said, "she kicked the bucket."

At first I didn't understand it. "She's dead," he said. "My mom told me at lunchtime. No lie, she actually kicked the goddamn bucket!" All I could do was nod. Somehow it didn't quite register. Trained swimmer, glided down at my hands for a second, then walked home without telling anyone.

It was a little after one o'clock, I remember, and the house was empty.

I took some chocolate milk and then lay down on the sofa in the living room, not really sad, just floating, trying to imagine what it was to be dead. Nothing much came to me. I remember closing my eyes and whispering her name, almost begging, trying to wake her coming back. "Linda," I said, "please." And then I concentrated. I would be alone. It was a dream, I suppose, or a daydream, but I made it happen. I saw her running down Main Street, all alone. It was utterly dark and the street was deserted, no cars or people, and Linda drove a pink dress and shiny black shoes. I remember sitting down on the curb to watch. All her hair had grown back. The scars and scratches were gone. In the dream, if that's what it was, she was playing a game of some sort, laughing and running up the empty street, kicking a big aluminum water bucket.

Right then I started to cry. After a moment Linda stopped and turned her wrist backward over to the curb and asked why I was so sad.

"Well, God," I said, "you're dead."

Linda nodded at me. She was standing under a yellow streetlight. A nine-year-old girl, just a child, and yet there was something earnest in her eyes—were a child, not an adult—just a bright, glowing earnest, that gave a glimpse of absolute loving light that her father many years ago in Timmy senior or Tim from the growing photographs of that time.

"Dead," I said.

Linda smiled. It was a secret smile, as if she knew things nobody could ever know, and she reached out and touched my wrist

and said, "Timmy, stop crying. It doesn't matter."

ON VIENTIANE, too, we had ways of making the dead seem not quite so dead. Staking bodies, that was one way. By slitting throats, by sawing, we pretended it was not the terrible thing it was. By the language, which was both hard and wretched, we transformed the bodies into objects of wants. That, when someone got killed, as Curt Lemme did, his body was not really a body, but rather one small bit of waste in the matter of a much wider message. (I cannot but words make a difference. It's easier to cope with a kicked bucket than a corpse, if a such human, it doesn't matter much if it's dead. And so a VC nurse, fired by napalm, was a crazy error. A Vietnamese baby, which lay nearby, was a wasted peasant. "Just a crumpled man," said Ray Riley as he stepped over the body.)

We kept the dead alive with words as when Ted Lavender was shot in the head, the men talked about how they'd never seen him so mellow, how tranquil he was, how it wasn't the bullet but the tranquility on that blow his mind. He wasn't dead, just laid back. There were Christmas messages, like Kowalski, who believed in the New Testament stories of life after death. Other stories were passed down like legends from old-timer to newcomer. Mostly, though, we had to make up our own. Often they were exaggerated, or false, or lies, but they were a way of bringing body and soul back together, or a way of making one body for the soul to inhabit. There was a story, for instance, about how Curt Lemme had gone back on visiting his mother in Hawaii, speaking English, and so Lemme put on a ghost mask and pruned up his body all delicate colors and came across a paddly to a sleeping village—almost dark, asked, the many went, just boots and balls and an M-16—mid in the dark Lemme went from back to his house, carrying, doubtless, he called it—and a few hours later, when he slipped back onto the paratrooper, he had a whole stack of goodies to share with his pale candles and pots made and a pair of black pajamas and a smokes of the same long Buddha. That was the story, anyway. Other rumors were much more elaborate, full of descriptions and scraps of dialogue. Ray Riley liked to open it up with exact details. "See, what happens is, it's like how in the morning, and Lemme needs into a house with that word ghost mask on. Everybody's asleep, right? So he wakes up this cute little blonde, just. Thinks her feet. 'Hey, Momma,' he goes, real polite. 'Hey, Momma—can—touch or snout?' Should've seen her face. About heads. I mean, there's this back naked ghost stand-

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See Reader Service Card after page 116

For all those who are
of a white C



What is expected of New York is the unexpected.

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Many choose Hair Transplantation for a variety of good reasons. Some to enhance their social lives. Others to improve their career potential. Most, for the simple reason that as the hairline recedes, age seems to advance, and no one wants to look older than he really is.

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See Reader Service Card offset pages 113

The girl lying in the white cooler wasn't Linda. There was a resemblance, maybe, but when Linda had always been so slender and fragile-looking, almost skeletal, the body in that cooler was fat and swollen. For a second I wondered if somebody had made a terrible blunder. A technical mistake: they'd pumped her too full of formaldehyde to embalming fluid.

Wherever they were, her arms and legs were bent. The skin in her cheeks was stretched out tight like the rubber skin on a basketball just before it pops open. Even her fingers seemed puffy. I turned and glanced behind me, where my father stood, thinking that maybe it was a joke—hoping it was a joke—almost believing that Linda would jump out from behind one of the curtains and laugh and yell out my name.

But she didn't. The room was silent. When I looked back at the casket, I felt dazed again. In my heart, I'm sure, I knew this was Linda, but even so I couldn't find much to recognize. I tried to pretend she was taking a nap, her hands folded at her stomach, just sleeping away the afternoon. Except the didn't look asleep. She looked dead. She looked heavy and totally dead.

I remember closing my eyes. After a while my father stepped up beside me.

"Come on now," he said. "Let's go get some ice cream."

IN THE MONTHS after Ted Laverdes died, there were many other bodies I never shook hands—not that—but one afternoon I climbed a tree and threw down what was left of Curt Lemon. I barely did it my first. Knew one of the men along the long Tra Bong. And in early July, when a bomb in the mountains, I was assigned to a civilian detail to police up the remote RVAs. There were twenty-seven bodies altogether, and parts of several others. The dead were everywhere. Some lay in piles. Some lay alone. One, I remember, seemed to kneel. Another was bent almost like a cat over a small boulder, the top of his head on the ground, his arms rigid, the eyes squaring in conversation as if he were about to perform a handstand or something. It was my worst day at the war. For three hours we washed the bodies down the mountains to a clearing alongside a narrow dirt road. We

huddled there, then a truck pulled up, and we worked in two minuscule teams to load the truck. I remember carrying the bodies up. Mitchell Sanders took a man's vest, I took the arms, and we moved to three, working up momentum, and then we tossed the body high and watched it bounce and come to rest among the other bodies. The dead

To listen to the story, especially as Ron Kiley told it, you'd never know Curt Lemon was dead. He was still out there in the dark, naked and pointed up, shaking his chest to hootch-hootch-hootch.

had been dead for more than a day. They were all badly bloated. Their clothing was stretched tight like sausage skins, and when we picked them up, some made throbby burping sounds as the gases were released. They were heavy. Their feet were like lead—green and cold. The dead were terrible. At one point Mitchell Sanders looked at me and said, "Hey, man, I just washed something."

He wiped his eyes and spit. "I was quiet, as if I were by his own wisdom. Death sucks," he said.

LYING IN BED at night, I made up elaborate stories to bring Linda alive in my sleep. I dreamed my own dreams. It seemed impossible, I know, but I did it. I'd picture a birthday party—a crowded room, I'd think, and a big classroom table with pink candles—and soon I'd be dreaming it, not where Linda would show up, as I knew she would, and in the dream we'd look at each other and not talk, because we were shy, but then I'd wake, her hands and feet would be beside mine, mine at the dark, and just be together.

We'd say anything things sometimes. "Once you're alive," she'd say, "you can't be dead."

Or she'd say, "Do I look dead?"

It was a kind of wish-fulfillment. Fairly wellpower, not partly dead, which is how most men arrive.

But back then it felt like a miracle. My dreams had become a secret meeting place, and in the weeks after the dead I couldn't wait to fall asleep at night. I began going to bed earlier and earlier, sometimes even in bright daylight. My mother, I remember, finally asked about it at breakfast one morning. "Tummy, what's wrong?" she said, but all I could do was shrug and say, "Nothing. I need some sleep, that's all." I didn't dare tell the truth. It was embarrassing, I suppose, but it was also a precious secret, like a magic trick, where if I tried to explain it, or even talk about it, the thrill and mystery

would be gone. I didn't want to lose Linda. She was dead. I understood that. After all, I'd seen her body, and yet even so a nine-year-old I had begun to grasp the magic of stories. Some I just dreamed up. Others I wrote down—the stories and dialogue. And at nighttime I'd slide into sleep knowing that Linda would be there waiting for me. Once, I remember, we were something like at night, racing loops and circles under yellow floodlights. I was on top by a small stone in the warming house, all alone, and after a while I asked her what it was like to be dead. Apparently Linda thought it was a silly question. She smiled and said, "Do I look dead?"

I told her no, she looked terrific. I wanted a moment they asked again, and Linda made a soft humming. I could smell our wool curtains drying on the stove.

For a few seconds she was quiet.

"Well, right now," she said, "I'm not dead. But when I am, it's like... I don't know, it's like being inside a book that nobody's reading."

"A book?" I said.

"As an idea. It's up on a library shelf, so you're safe and everything, but the book hasn't been checked out for a long, long time. All you can do is wait. Just hope somebody'll pick it up and start reading."

Linda smiled at me.

"Anyhow, it's not so bad," she said. "I mean, when you're dead, you just have to be yourself." She stood up and put on her hat and slapping say, "This is simple. Let's go skate some more."

So I followed her down to the frozen pond. It was late, and nobody else was there, and we held hands and skated almost all night under the yellow light.

And then, sometime in 1971, I'm almost nine years old, and a winter now, still dreaming Linda alive in exactly the same way. She's not the embodied Linda, she's mostly made-up, with a new identity and a new name, like the ones who never was. Her real name doesn't matter. She was nine years old. I loved her, and then she died. And yet right here, in the spell of memory and imagination, I can still see her as if I thought her, as if I'm going with some other woman, a place where there are no brain tumors and no funeral homes, where there are no bodies at all. I can see Kiley, too, and Ted Laverdes and Curt Lemon, and sometimes I can even see Tummy skating with Linda under the yellow floodlights. I'm young and happy. I'll never die. I'm skimming across the surface of my own dream, moving fast, riding the melt beneath the blades, doing loops and spins, and when I take a high leap into the dark and come down thirty years later, I acknowledge as Tim says to save Tummy's life with a wavy.



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SOFT FOCUS

Pages 124-125: Marnado shirt (\$340) and trousers (\$440) at Marnado, New York, Manhattan, Los Angeles. For information contact: Marnado, 24 East Seventy-first Street, New York, New York 10021.

Pages 126-127: Marnado sport jacket (\$1,140), slacks (\$340), and trousers (\$340) at Marnado, New York, Manhattan, Los Angeles. For information contact: Marnado, 24 East Seventy-first Street, New York, New York 10021.

Pages 128-129: Nylon jacket (\$575), shirt (\$300), and trousers (\$325) at Barney's New York, Toronto, Goldsmith, New York, Toronto, Beverly Hills, Ralph Davis, San Francisco, Marc Laurent, Toronto. For information contact: Fybio, 610 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1408, New York, New York 10019.

Pages 130-131: Marnado Uomo-relevant (\$340) at Marnado Boutique and Barney's New York, New York, M. Pinner, Houston, Alta Moda, Denver. For information contact: Marnado USA Corp., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, Suite 1437, New York, New York 10106.

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A Sundae Kind of Love

FOR HIS 19, Rob Alper's T-shirt Bites was never at the top of our list parade. To be sure, then, such songs as were on Whipped Cream & Other Delights were eager enough to break the Dork-to-Minor Transition. True, "Lollipop and Brownie," "Peanut," and of course, "A Taste of Honey." We thought this album for the time being. For here is what has looked like, at first. T-shirt Bites. We got a lot of it. In fact, the staff is not whipped cream, it is a chocolate cream. And the most likely name was, "Lollipop and Brownie." It was, in fact, a great idea. The picture was taken. Even so, our eyes were bigger than his stomach.



Christmas past.



A (Garry Morgan) Christmas present

Christmas present.



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